

# PARADISE LOST

A POEM,

IN TWELVE BOOKS

WRITTEN BY

JOHN MILTON.

---

A new Edition, carefully corrected.

---

Τον πίρι Μῆσ' ἵθλησε, δίδε δὲ ἀγαθόν τι, κακόν τι,  
Οφθαλμῶν μέν ἄμερστο, δίδε δὲ ἡδῶν ἀιδήν.

HOMER Odyss. 8.

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MOTIKA KHOLI

before his yatra he composed these A.

at vana, at village & all around him  
there were no other people than himself  
● DvibO xamell

■ HARMONIA  
ESTABLISHED BY LIONEL DE JERSEY  
D. Q. T. A.

Book I. PARADISE LOST.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,  
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd  
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above th' Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and with mighty wings out-spread  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support,  
That to the height of this great argument  
I may assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to Men.

A 2

Say

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,  
 Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause  
 Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,  
 Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off      30  
 From their creator, and transgress his will  
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?  
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
 Th' infernal Serpent! he it was, whose guile.  
 Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd      35  
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
 Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host  
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,      40  
 If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God  
 Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud  
 With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,      45  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,  
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to arms.  
 Nine times the space that measures day and night      50  
 To mortal men, with his horrid crew  
 Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
 Referv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain      55  
 Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witnes'd huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;  
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild;      60  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
 As one great furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
 No light, but rather darkness visible  
 Serv'd only to discover sights of woe;

Regions

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace 65  
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:  
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd 70  
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd,  
In utter darkness, and their portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n,  
As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.  
O how unlike the place from whence they fell! 75  
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd  
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns; and wert'ning by his side  
One next himself in pow'r, and next in crime,  
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd 80  
Beelzebub. To whom th' Arch-enemy.  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest He; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
From him, who in the happy realms of light 85  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
Myriads tho' bright! If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd 90  
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou seest  
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent victor in his rage 95  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind  
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,

His utmost pow'r with adverse pow'r oppos'd  
 In dubious battel on the plains of Heav'n,  
 And shook his throne. What tho' the field be lost? 105  
 All is not lost; th' unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield,  
 And what is else not to be overcome;  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110  
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his pow'r,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath 115  
 This downfall; since by fate the strength of Gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,  
 Since through experience of this great event  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd.  
 We may with more successful hope resolve 120  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcileable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.  
 So spake th' apostate Angel, though in pain, 125  
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:  
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer.  
 O Prince, O chief of many throned Powers,  
 That led th' imbatteled Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds 130  
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual king,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat 135  
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and heav'nly essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigor soon returns,

140

Though

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Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our conqueror, whom I now  
Of force believe almighty, since no less  
Than such could have o'er-pow'r'd such force as ours?  
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
By right of war, whate'er his busines be,  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;  
What can it then avail, though yet we feel  
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being  
To undergo eternal punishment?  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.  
Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable  
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,  
To do ought good never will be our task,  
But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
As being the contrary to his high will  
Whom we resist. If then his providence  
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
And out of good still to find means of evil  
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps  
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.  
But see! the angry visor hath recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and persuit  
Back to the gates of Heav'n; the sulphurous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.  
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,

Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,<sup>180</sup>  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful?<sup>185</sup> Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,<sup>190</sup>  
 And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,<sup>195</sup>  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,<sup>200</sup>  
 If not what resolution from despair.

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate  
 With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
 That spangling blaz'd, his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large<sup>195</sup>  
 Lay floating many a rood: in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
 Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,  
 Briareus or Typhoei, whom the den<sup>200</sup> held  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:  
 Him haply flumb'ring on the Norway foam  
 The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
 Deeming some island, oft, as sea-men tell,<sup>205</sup>  
 With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invest the sea, and wished morn delays:  
 So stretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
 Chain'd on the burning lake, nor ever thence<sup>210</sup>  
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Lest him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought<sup>215</sup>  
 Evil to others, and enraged might see

How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shown  
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself  
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220  
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and roll'd  
 In billows, leave i'th' mid'st a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight 225  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
 That felt unusual weight, till on dry land  
 He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;  
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side  
 Of thund'ring Aetna, whose combustible  
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds, 235  
 And leaye a singed bottom all involv'd  
 With stench and smoke; Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate,  
 Both glorying to have escap'd the Stygian flood  
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,  
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
 That we must change for heav'n, this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he 245  
 Who now is sov'reign can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason equall'd, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell happy fields,  
 Where joy for ev'ndwells! Hail horrors! hail 250  
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell!  
 Receive thy new possessor, one who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself

Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heaven. 255  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? here at least  
 We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260  
 Here we may reign secure; and in my choice  
 To reign is worth ambition tho' in hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends  
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss, 265  
 Lie thus astonish'd on th' oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub  
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those armies bright,  
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft 275  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, tho' now they lie  
 Groveling and prostrate on yon lake of fire, 280  
 As we ere while, astounded and amaz'd,  
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious height.

He scarce had ceas'd when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pond'rous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round, 285  
 Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening from the top of Fesole,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands, 290  
 Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
 His spear, to equal which the tallest pine

Hewn

Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,  
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marble not like those steps  
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd  
His legions, Angel-forms, who lay entranc'd,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades  
High over-arch'd embow'r; or scatter'd sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd  
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursued,  
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcases  
And brocken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown  
Abiect and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the flow'r of Heav'n, once your's, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can seize  
Eternal Spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toil of battel to repose  
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
Or in this abiect pasture have ye sworn  
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds  
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon  
His swift pursuers from Heav'n gates discern  
Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts  
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,  
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.  
They

They heard, and were abash'd, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight      335  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obey'd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
 Of Amram's Son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud      340  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell      345  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th'up-lifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even ballance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain;      350  
 A multitude! like which the populous north  
 Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons  
 Came like a deluge on the south, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.      355  
 Forthwith from ev'ry squadron and each band  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great commander; God-like shapes and forms  
 Excelling human, princely Dignities,  
 And Pow'rs, that erst in heaven sat on thrones;      360  
 Though of their names in heav'nly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
 By their rebellion, from the books of life,  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve      364  
 Got them new names, till wand'ring o'er the earth,  
 Thro' God's high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake

God

God their creator, and th'invisible  
Glory of him that made them to transform 370  
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd  
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities :  
Then were they known to men by various names,  
And various Idols thro' he Heathen world. 375

Say, Muse, their names then known; who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,  
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth  
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof. 380  
The chief were those who from the pit of Hell  
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix  
Their seats long after next the seat of God,  
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd.  
Among the nations round, and durst abide 385  
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd  
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,  
Abominations; and with cursed things  
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd. 390  
And with their darkness durst affront his light.  
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood  
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud  
Their children cries unheard, that pass'd through fire 395  
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
Worship'd in Rabba and her watry plain,  
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
His temple right against the temple of God  
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell, 405  
Next Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,

From

From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flow'ry dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleäle to the Asphaltic pool.  
 Peor his other name, when he entic'd  
 Israel in Sittim on their march from Nile  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd  
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate;  
 Till good Iosiah drove them thence to Hell.  
 With these came they, who from the bord'ring flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts  
 Aegypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of Baälim and Ashtaroth; those male,  
 These feminine. For Spirits when they please  
 Can either sex assume, or both; so oft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not ty'd or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their airy purposes.  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial Gods; for which their heads as low  
 Bow'd down in battel, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. Whith these in troop  
 Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd  
 Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;  
 To whose bright image nightly by the moon  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on th' offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart tho' large,

Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell 445  
To idols foul. Thamimuz came next behind,  
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd  
The Syrian Damsels to lament his fate  
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,  
While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood  
Of Thamimuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led 455  
His eyes survey'd the dark idolatries  
Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark  
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off  
In his own temple, on the grunfel edge, 460  
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers;  
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man  
And downward fish: yet had his temple high  
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon, 465  
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat  
Was fair Damascus, on the fertil banks  
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.  
He also against the house of God was bold: 470  
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king,  
Ahaz his fottish conqu'ror, whom he drew  
God's altar to disparage and displace,  
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods 475  
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd  
A crew who under names of old renown,  
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd  
Fanatic Aegypt and her priests, to seek 480  
Their wand'ring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape

From

The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd  
 The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,  
 Jehovah, who in one night when he pass'd  
 From Aegypt marching, equal'd with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.  
 Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself: to him no temple stood  
 Or altar smoak'd; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns, and thence  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage: and when night  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons  
 Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Expos'd a matron to avoid worse rape

These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, tho' far renown'd:  
 Th' Ionian Gods, of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents. Titan, heav'n's first-born,  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd  
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove  
 His own and Rhea's son like measure found;  
 So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete  
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,  
 Their highest Heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,  
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds  
 Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old

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Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields, 520  
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.

All these and more came flocking, but with looks  
Down-cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Oscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their Chief  
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost 525  
In loss itself; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears. 530  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud, and clarions, be uprear'd  
His mighty standard: that proud honor claim'd  
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unsurl'd 535  
Th' imperial enseign; which full high advanc'd,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and trophies: all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540  
At which the universal host up sent.  
A shout that tore Hell's concave; and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment thro' the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air 545  
With orient colours waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and ferried shields in thick array,  
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move  
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
Of flutes, and soft recorders; such as rais'd  
To height of noblest temper Heroes old  
Arming to battel; and instead of rage,  
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm, and unmov'd  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat; 555  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage,  
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase

Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,  
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they  
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought      560  
 Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd  
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now  
 Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front  
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise  
 Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield,      565  
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
 Had to impose: he thro' the armed files  
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse  
 The whole battalion views their order due;  
 Their visages and stature as of Gods;      570  
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
 Glories: for never since, created man  
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these  
 Could merit more than that small infantry      575  
 Warr'd on by cranes: tho' all the Giant brood  
 Of Phlegra with th' Heroic race were join'd,  
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods: and what resounds  
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,      580  
 Begirt with British and Armoric Knights;  
 And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,  
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond;  
 Or whom Eiserta sent from Afriq shore,      585  
 When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,      590  
 Stood like a tow'r: his form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess  
 Of glory obscur'd: as when the Sun new-ris'n  
 Looks thro' the horizontal misty air,      595

Shorn

Book I.  
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Shorn

Book L PARADISE LOST. 19

Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs; darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all th' Arch-Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
Sate on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
Far other once beheld in bliss, condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain;  
Millions of spirits for his fault amer'd  
Of heav'n, and from eternal splendors flung  
For his revolt, yet faithful now they stood,  
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire  
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
With singed top their stately growth tho' bare  
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
To speak, whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round  
With all his Peers: attention held them mute:  
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn  
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.  
O myriads of immortal spirits! O Pow'rs  
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,  
As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
Hateful to utter: but what pow'r of mind,  
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
How such united force of Gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?  
For who can yet believe, th' after loss,  
That all these puissant leglons, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend

Self rais'd, and re-possess their native seat?  
 For me be witness all the host of heav'n,  
 If counsels different, or danger shunn'd  
 By me, have lost our hopes: but he who reigns  
 Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure  
 Sate on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent or custom, and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New war, provok'd; our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not: that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rise  
 There went a fame in Heav'n, that he ere long  
 Intended to create; and therein plant  
 A generation, whon his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n:  
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th'abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature; peace is despair'd,  
 For who can think submission? war then, war  
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.  
 He spake: and to confirm his words out-flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty Cherubim: the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd Hell; highly they rag'd  
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the din of war,  
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.  
 There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
 Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire

Shone

Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed  
A numerous brigad hasten'd: as when bands 675  
Of pioneers, with spade and pickax arm'd,  
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
Or cast a rampart. Mammmon led them on,  
Mammmon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Where always downward bent; admiring more 681  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine or holy else, enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first 685  
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the center, and with impious hands  
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth,  
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound, 690  
And dig'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that foil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings, 695  
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
And strength and art are easily out-done  
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toil  
And hands innumerable scarce perform. 700  
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the lake, a second multitude  
With wondrous art found out the massy ore;  
Severing each kind, and scum'm'd the bullion dro's; 705  
A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mold; and from the boiling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook:  
As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes. 710

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave: nor did there want  
 Cornice or freeze, with blosy sculptures graven;  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence  
 Equal'd in all their glories, to inshrine  
 Belus, or Serapis their Gods, orfeat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove  
 In wealth and luxury. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fix'd her stately height, and strait the doors  
 Opening their brazen folds, dicover wide  
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a tow'red structure high,  
 Where sceptered angels held their residence,  
 And sate as Princes; whom the supreme king  
 Exaltec'd to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in Hierarchy, the orders bright.  
 Not was his name unheard, or unadore'd,  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell:  
 From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the chrystral battlements; from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A sumner's day: and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star:  
 On Lemnos th' Aegean isle; thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout

Fell

Fell long before, nor ought avail'd him now,  
T' have built in Heave'n high tow'r's; nor did he 'scape  
By all his engines, but was headlong fent  
With his industrious crew to build in Hell.

Mean while the winged heralds by command  
Of sov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony  
And trumpets sound, throughout the host proclaim'd  
A solemn council forthwith to be held. 755  
At Pandemonium, the high capital  
Of Satan and his Peers; their summons call'd  
From every band and squared regiment  
By place or choise the worthiest; they anon,  
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came. 760  
Attended all access was throng'd, the gates  
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall,  
Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair  
Defy'd the best of Panim chivalry. 765  
To mortal combat, or career with lance,  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling winds. As bees  
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive. 770  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer  
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd. 775  
Swarin'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal giv'n,  
Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd  
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room.  
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race. 780  
Beynd the Indian mount, or fairy elves,  
Whose midnight revels by a forest side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreamis he sees, while over-head the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth. 785

Weehls her pale course; they on their mirth and dance  
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
 Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms  
 Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
 Though without number still amidst the hall  
 Of that infernal court. But far within,  
 And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim,  
 In close recefs and secret conclave sat; 795  
 A thousand Demi-gods on golden seats,  
 Frequent and full: after short silence then  
 And summons read, the great consult began.

*The End of First Book.*

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B O O K II.

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
 Show's on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd 5  
 To that bad eminence; and from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, infatiate to pursue  
 Vain war with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
 His proud imaginations thus display'd. 10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n!  
 For since no deep within her gulph can hold  
 Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,  
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear 15  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heav'n  
 Did first create your leader, next free choice,  
 With what besides, in council or in fight, 20

Hath

Hath been achiev'd of merit, yet this loss so adjug'd  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more lab'rd well  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne; it had done him  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state itself is  
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw you 25  
 Envy from each inferior; but who hereon can blame? A  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share of guilt  
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good 30  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
 Precedence; none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more! With this advantage then 35  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old, which no one  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity Could have assur'd us; and by what best way, 40  
 Whether of open war or covert guile, We now debate; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him Moloch, sceptred king, Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair: 45 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd Equal in strength, and rather than be less Ear'd not to be at all; with that care lost Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse, He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake: 50

My sentence is for open war: of wiles, More unexpect, I doubt not: them let those Contrive who need, or when they need, not now: For while they sit contriving, shall the rest, Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait 55 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here? Heav'n's fugitives; and for their dwelling-place Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,

The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once  
O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise  
Of his Almighty engin he shall hear 65  
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see  
Black fire and horrot shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,  
His own invented torments. But perhaps 70  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend 75  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80  
We sunk thus low? th' ascent is easy then;  
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction: if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse 85  
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of inextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end,  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
Inexorably and the torturing hour,  
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus  
We should be quite abolish'd and expire.  
What fear then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd, 95  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce

To

To nothing this essential; happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being;  
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst.  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and battel dangerous  
 To less than Gods. On th' other side up rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane:  
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit;  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Drot Manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Tim'rous and slothful; yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
 As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
 In what he counsels and in what excels,  
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
 And utter dissolution, as the scope  
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
 First, what revenge? the tow'rs of Heav'n are fill'd  
 With armed watch, that render all access  
 Impregnable; oft on the bordering deep  
 Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,  
 Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way

By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise 135  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy  
All incorruptible would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mould  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,  
And that must end us, that must be our cure 145  
To be no more: sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night; 150  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire, 155  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed, 160  
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What! when we fled amain, pursued and struck 165  
With Heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay  
Chain'd on the burning lake? that fire was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, 170  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above

Should

Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespected, unpitied, unreipy'd,  
Ages of hopeless end? this would be worse.  
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from Heav'n's height  
All these our motions vain sees and derides;  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heaven?  
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here  
Cains and these torments? better these than worse,  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree  
The vistor's will. To suffer as to do,  
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust  
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold  
And ventrous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our supreme foe, in time may much remit.

His

His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfy'd  
 With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires  
 Will flaken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapor; or enur'd, not feel;  
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light:  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.

Thus Belial with words cloath'd in reason's gard  
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth  
 Not peace: and after him thus Mamon spake.  
 Either to disenthrone the king of Heav'n  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:  
 The former vain to hope argues as vain  
 The latter: for what place can be for us  
 Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supreme  
 We overpower? suppose he should relent  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection: with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence bumble, and receive  
 Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne.  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forc'd hallelujahs, while he lordly sits  
 Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odors, and ambrosial flowers;  
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
 In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisome  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid.

To

To whom we hate! let us not then pursue  
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess, 255  
Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
We can create; and in what place soe'er 260  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,  
Through labor and indurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? how oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd, 265  
And with the majesty of darkness round  
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his light  
Imitate when we please? this desert soil 270  
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold:  
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
Become our elements; these piercing fires 275  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper: which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful counsels, and the fertiled state  
Of order, how in safety best me may 280  
Compose our present evils, with regard  
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise.  
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd  
Th' assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285  
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
Had

Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lullop  
Sea-fearing men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance  
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay  
After the tempest: such applause was heard  
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,  
Advising peace; for such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear  
Of thunder, and the sword of Michaël  
Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
By policy, and long process of time,  
In emulation opposite to Heaven.  
Which when Beelzebub perceiv'd, than whom,  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat, and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin? sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noon-tide air, while thus he spake,

Thrones, and Imperial Pow'rs, Offspring of Heav'n,  
Ethereal Virtues; or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing style, be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire: doubtless; while we dream,  
And know not that the king of Heav'n hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: For he, be sure,  
In height or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole

- Sole King, and of his kingdom lose no part      325  
 By our revolt; but over Hell extend  
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
 Us here, as with his golden th'oſe in Heav'n.  
 What fit we then projecting peace and war?  
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss  
 Irreparable; terms of peace yet none      330  
 Vouchſaf'd or ſought: for what peace will be giv'n  
 To us enſlav'd, but custody severe,  
 And ſtripes, and arbitrary punishment  
 Inflicted? and what peace can we return?      335  
 But, to our power, hostility, and hate,  
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least  
 May reap his conquest, and may leaſt rejoice  
 In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?      340  
 Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need  
 With dangerous expedition to invade  
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or ſiege,  
 Or ambuſh from the deep: what if we find  
 Some eaſier enterprize? there is a place,      345  
 If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
 Err-not, another world, the happy ſeat  
 Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time  
 To be created like to us, though leſs  
 In pow'r and excellence, but favor'd more      350  
 Of him who rules above: ſo was his will  
 Pronounct'd among the Gods, and by an oath,  
 That ſhook Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd:  
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mold,      355  
 Or ſubſtance, how endu'd, and what their pow'r,  
 And where their weakneſs, how attempted best,  
 By force or subtlety. Though Heav'n be shut,  
 And Heav'n's high arbitrator ſit ſecure  
 In his own strength, this place may lyē expos'd      360  
 The utmoſt bordeſt of his kingdom, left  
 To their deſence who hold it: here perhaps

Some advantagious aft may be atchiev'd  
 By sudden onset, either with hell fire  
 To waste his whole creation, or possess  
 All as our own, and drive, as we are driv'n,  
 The puny habitans; or if not drive,  
 Seduce them to our party, that their God  
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise  
 In his disturbance; when his darling sons,  
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
 Their frail original, and faded bliss, 375  
 Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
 Attempting, or to sit in darknes here  
 Hatching vain empires. — Thus Beelzebub  
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd  
 By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
 But from the author of all ill, could spring  
 So deep a malice to confound the race  
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell  
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
 The great Creator? but their spite still serves  
 His glory to augment. The bold design  
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
 Sparkl'd in all their eyes; with full assent  
 They vote: whereat his speech he thus renewes,

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate 390  
 Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,  
 Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep  
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of fate,  
 Nearer out ancient seat; perhaps in view  
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring arms,  
 And opportune excursion, we may chance  
 Re-enter Heav'n: or else in some mild Zone  
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair light  
 Secure, and at the brightning orient beam  
 Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,

400

To

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires  
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send  
 In search of this new world; whom shall we find  
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet  
 The dark unbottom'd infinite abyfs, 405  
 And through the palpable obscure find out  
 His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight  
 Upborn with indefatigable wings  
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive  
 The happy isle? What strength, what art can then 410  
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
 Through the strift fenteries, and stations thick  
 Of Angels watching round? here he had need  
 All circumspection; and we now no less  
 Choice in our suffrage: for on whom we send, 415  
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
 This said, he sat; and expectation held  
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd  
 To second, or oppose, or undertake  
 The perilous attempt: But all sat mute, 420  
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
 In others count'nance read his own dismay  
 Astonish'd: none, among the choice and prime  
 Of those heav'n-warring champions, could be found  
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept 425  
 Alone the dreadful voyage: till at last  
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride  
 Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake,  
 O Progeny of Heav'n, empereal Thrones! 430  
 With reason hath deep silence and demur  
 Seiz'd us, though undismay'd: long is the way  
 And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light.  
 Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
 Outragious to devour, immures us round 435  
 Ninefold: and gates of burning adamant  
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress  
 These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound

Of unessential night receives him next  
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers, 445  
And this imperial sov'reign'ty, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with pow'r, if ought propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
These Royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honor, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more, as he above the rest 455  
High honor'd fits? Go therefore mighty Pow'rs,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion. Intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coast of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize 465  
None shall partake with me. — Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;  
Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refus'd, what erst they fear'd; 470  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose: 475  
Their rising all at once was as the sound

Of

Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
 With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
 Extol him equal to the highest in Heav'n:  
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480  
 That for the general safety he despis'd  
 His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd  
 Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites;  
 Or close ambition varnish'd o'er with zeal. 485  
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
 Euded, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-spread  
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowring element 490  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his ey'ning beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings. 495  
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heav'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred; enmity and strife 500.  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;  
 As if, which might induce us to accord,  
 Man had not hellish foes know besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait. 505.

The Stygian council thus dissolv'd, and forth  
 In order came the grand infernal Peers:  
 'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd  
 Alone th' antagonist of heav'n, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme, 510  
 And Goh-like imitated state: him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd  
 With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry

- With trumpets regal found the great result: 515  
 Tow'rs the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy  
 By heralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deaf'ning shout return'd them loud acclaim. 520
- Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
 Disband, and wand'ring, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find 525  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime  
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,  
 As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal 531  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Wag'd in the troubl'd sky, and armies rush  
 To battel in the clouds, before each van 535  
 Prick forth the airy Knights, and couch their spears  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhoean rage, more fell  
 Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540  
 In whirlwind: Hell scarce hold the wild uproar.  
 As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd  
 With conquest, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw 545  
 Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall  
 By doom of battel; and complain that fate 550  
 Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.  
 Their song was partial, but the harmony,

What

515

What could it less when spirits immortal sing?  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet, 555  
 For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,  
 Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,  
 In thoughts more elevate, an reason'd high  
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
 Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560  
 And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy: 565  
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm  
 Pain for a while, or anguish; and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast  
 With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge 575  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams;  
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;  
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow black and deep;  
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton, 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 For off from these a flow and silent stream,  
 Lethe the river of oblivion rolls  
 Her watry labyrinth; whereof who drinks,<sup>10</sup>  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
 Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail; which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems

520

rais'd

525

565

531

570

535  
ears

540

575

545

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550

585

What

Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire. 598  
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd  
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice 600  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire,  
 They ferry over this Lethéan sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment, 605  
 And wish and struggle as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink:  
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt 610  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands 615  
 With shudd'ring horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous.  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp. 620  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good,  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things, 625  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
 Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

Mean

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,  
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630  
Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd the gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes  
He scours the right-hand coast; sometimes the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the deep; then soars  
Up to the fiery concave towring high 635  
As when far off at sea a fleet descri'd  
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
Clos'd sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring  
Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood 640  
Through the wide Ethiopian, to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly tow'r'd the pole. So seem'd  
Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid roof,  
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass  
Three iron, three of adamantine rock, 645  
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape;  
The one seem'd woman to the waste, and fair, 650  
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd  
With wide Cerberian mouths full loud, and rung 655  
A hideous peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd, and howl'd  
Within, unseen. Far less abhor'd than these  
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts 660  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:  
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd  
In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring Moon 665  
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,

If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,  
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,  
 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night, 670  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head  
 The likeness of a Kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast 675  
 With horrid strides. Hell trembled as he strode.  
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
 Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
 Created thing not valued he nor shunn'd;  
 And with disdainful look thus first began. 680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,  
 That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee. 685  
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
 Hell-born; not to contend with spirits of Heav'n.  
 To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd,  
 Art thou that traitor-Angel, art thou He,  
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n, and faith, till then  
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms 690  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's sons,  
 Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou  
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd  
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain? 695  
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heav'n,  
 Hell-doom'd! and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
 Where I reign King, and, to enrage thee more,  
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,  
 False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings; 700  
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 Thy lingring; or with one stroke of this dart  
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfeit before.

So spake the griesly terror, and in shape,  
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
 More dreadful and deform. On th' other side  
 Incens'd with indignation Satan stood  
 Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd,  
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
 In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
 Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
 Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds,  
 With Heav'n's artill'ry fraught, come rattling on  
 Over the Caspian; then stand front to front  
 Hov'ring a space, till winds the signal blow  
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:  
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell  
 Grew darker at their frown: so match'd they stood:  
 For never but once more was either like  
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds  
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung.  
 Had not the snaky forceres that sat  
 Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,  
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
 O father! what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
 Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart  
 Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom;  
 For him who sits above, and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;  
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.  
 She spacke, and at her words the hellish pest  
 Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.  
 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st  
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:  
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
Sight more detestable than him, and thee. 745

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:  
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair  
In Heav'n, when at th' assembly, and in sight  
Of all the Seraphim, with thee combin'd 750  
In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
All on a sudden miserable pain  
Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum  
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide, 755  
Lik'est to thee in shape and count'nce bright,  
Then shining heav'ly fair, a Goddess arm'd,  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd  
All th' host of Heav'n; back they recoil'd afraid.  
At first, and call'd me Sin; and for a sign 760  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I plea'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft,  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing,  
Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st 765  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burthen. Mean while war arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remain'd,  
For what could else, to our almighty foe  
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout, 770  
Through all the empyrēan; down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this deep; and in the gen'ral fall  
I also: at which time this powerful key  
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep 775  
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,

Pro-

Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes : 780  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy 785  
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out Death!  
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd  
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death?  
I fled, but he pursued, though more, it seems, 790  
Inflam'd with lust than rage, and swifter far,  
Me overtook his mother, all dismay'd,  
And in embraces forcible and foul  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot  
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry 795  
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me; for when they list, into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw  
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth 800  
A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition fits  
Grim Death my son and foe; who sets them on,  
And me his parent would full soon devour 805  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounced.  
But thou, O father! I forewarn thee, shun 810  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invuln'able in those bright arms,  
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore 815  
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth

Dear

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here shew'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys  
 Theen sweet, now sad to mention, thro' dire change 820  
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of; know  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'ly host  
 Of spirits that, in our just pretences arm'd, 825  
 Fell with us from on high; from them I go  
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all  
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
 Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense  
 To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold 830  
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
 In the pourlieus of Heav'n, and therein plac'd  
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd, 835  
 Left Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this or ought  
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste  
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,  
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840  
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
 Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd  
 With odors: there ye shall be fed, and fill'd  
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death  
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, 'to hear 845  
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw  
 Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd  
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:  
 The key of this infernal pit by due, 850  
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful king  
 I keep; by him forbidden to unlock  
 These adamantine gates; against all force  
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,

Fear-

Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might, 855  
 But what owe I to his commands above  
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,  
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,  
 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born, 860  
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round  
 Of mine own brood, that oh my bowels feed?  
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey 865  
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end. 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
 Sad instrument of all our woe! she took;  
 And towards the gate rolling her bestial train,  
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up-drew;  
 Which but her self, not all the Stygian Pow'rs, 875  
 Could once have mov'd: then in the key-hole turns  
 Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
 Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease  
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly  
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880  
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
 Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
 That with extended wings a banner'd host, 885  
 Under spread ensings marching, might pass through  
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame!  
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,

Without dimension, where lenght, breadth, and height,  
And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold 895  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce,  
Strive here for mast'ry, and to battel bring  
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag 900  
Of each his faction, in their sev'ral clans,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil;  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise 905  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter  
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyfs, 910  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless th' almighty Maker them ordain 915  
His dark materials to create more worlds;  
Into this wild abyss the wary Fiend  
Sto'd on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,  
Pond'ring his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross: nor was his ear less peal'd 920  
With noises loud and rouinous, to compare  
Great things with small, than when Bellona storms,  
With all her batt'ring engins bent to rase  
Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
Of Heav'n were falling, and these elements 925  
In mutiny had from her axle torn  
The stedfast earth. At last his sail-broad vane  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke  
Uplifted spurns the ground: thence many a league,  
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930

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Audacious; but that seat soon failing, meets

A vast vacuity: all unawares

Flutt'ring his pennons vain, plumb down he drops

Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance

935

The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,

Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him

As many miles aloft! that fury stay'd,

Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,

Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares, 940

Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,

Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail,

As when a gryphon through the wilderness

With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,

Perseus the Arimaspians, who by stealth

945

Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd

The guarded gold: so eagerly the Fiend

O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,

And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies: 950

At length a universal hubbub wild

Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd,

Borne through the hallow dark, assaults his ear

With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,

Undaunted to meet there whatever Power

955

Or spirit of the nethermost abyss

Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask

Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies

Bordering on light; when strait behold the throne

Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread

960

Wide on the wasteful deep; with him inthron'd

Sate sable-vested Night, eldest of things,

The consort of his reign; and by them stood

Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name

Of Demogorgon: Rumor next and Chance,

965

And Tumult and Confusion all imbroil'd,

And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. — Ye Powers,

And spirits of this nethermost abyss,  
 Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy, 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm, but by constraint  
 Wand'ring this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek 975  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heav'n: or if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, th' ethereal king  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound, direct my course; 980  
 Directed no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
 To her original darkness, and your sway,  
 Which is my present jo[urn]ey, and once more 985  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night;  
 Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.  
 Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incompos'd,  
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art, 990  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard, for such a num'rous host  
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout, 995  
 Confusion worse confounded: and Heav'n gates  
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000  
 Encroach'd on still through our intestine broils,  
 Weakning the scepter of old Night: first Hell,  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;  
 Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another world,  
 Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain, 1005  
 To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell:

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If that way be your walk, you have not far;  
So much the nearer danger: go and speed!  
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply,  
But glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacrity and force renew'd  
Springs upward like a pyramid of fire  
Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd, wins his way: harder beset  
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd  
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks:  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd  
Charybdis; and by th' other whirlpool steer'd.  
So he with difficulty and labor hard.  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;  
But he once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven! 1025  
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way,  
Over the dark abyfs, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wond'rous length,  
From Hell continued reaching th' utmost orb  
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse 1030  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven 1035  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire  
As from her outmost works a brocken foe  
With tumult less and with less hostile din;  
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And like a weather-beaten vessel holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn:

Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off th' empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round:  
With opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd  
Of living saphir, once his native seat;  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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### BOOK III.

Hail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increase,  
Or hearst thou rather pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd  
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight  
Through utter and through iniddle darkness borne  
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre,  
Lung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the heav'ly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,  
Tho' hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou

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Revisit'ſt not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;      25  
So thick a *drop serene* hath quench'd their orbs,  
Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more  
Ceafe I to wander, where the Muses haunt,  
Clear ſpring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong: but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowry brooks beneath,      30  
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor ſometimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides,      35  
And Tiresias, and Phineus Phropheſts old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year      40  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine:  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark      45  
Surrounds me; from the chearful ways of men  
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.      50  
So much the rather thou, coeleſtial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all miſt from thence  
Purge and diſperſe; that I may ſee and tell  
Of things invisible to moral ſight.      55  
Now had th' almighty Father from above,  
From the pure empyrean where he sits  
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view;  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven      60  
Stood

Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance: on his right.

The radiant image of his glory sat,  
His only Son. On earth he first beheld  
Our two first parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love  
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd  
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night,  
In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd  
Firm land imbosom'd, without firmament,  
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

Only begotten Son, feest thou what rage  
Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not far off Heav'n, in the percents of light,  
Directly towards the new crated world,  
And Man there plac'd; with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert, and shall pervert,  
For man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
And easily transgres the sole command,  
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall,  
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
Whose but his own? Ingrate! he had of me  
All he could have: I made him just and right,

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Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Such I created all th' ethereal Powers 100

And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.

65

Not free, what proof could they have git'n. sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,

Where only what they needs must do appear'd, 105

Not what they would? what praise could they receive?

70

What pleasure I from such obedience paid,

When will and reason, reason also is choice,

Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,

Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110

Not me? They therefore as to right belong'd.

75

So were created, nor can justly accuse.

Their maker, or their making, or their fate,

As if predestination over-rul'd.

Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree. 115

Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed

Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,

Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,

Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate, 120

Or ought by me immutably foreseen,

They trespass, authors to themselves in all,

Bot what they judge and what they choose; for so

I form'd them free, and free they must remain,

'Till they intrall themselves; I else must change 125

Their nature, and revoke the high decree

Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd

Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.

The first sort by their own suggestion fell,

Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd 130

By th' other first: Man therefore shall find grace,

The other none: in mercy and justice both,

Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excel,

But mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd 135

All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect

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Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious ; in him all his Father shone  
 Substantially expres'd ; and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appear'd  
 Love without end, and without measure grace,  
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 Thy sov'reign sentence, that man should find grace : 145  
 For which both Heav'n and earth shall high extol  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable found  
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
 Encompas'd shall resound thee ever blest.  
 For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,  
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd  
 With his own folly ? that be from thee far,  
 That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
 Of all things made, and judgest only right. 155  
 Or shall the Adversary thus obtain  
 His end, and frustrate thine ? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,  
 Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be question'd, and blasphem'd without defence. 165

To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.  
 O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all 170  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me

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Freely vouchsaf'd: once more I will renew 175  
 His lap'd pow'rs, though forfeit and inthrall'd  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe,  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail 180  
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
 Elect above the rest: so is my will:  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd 185  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 Th' incensed Deity, while offer'd grace  
 Invites: for I will clear their senses dark,  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due. 190  
 To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire conscience: whom if they will hear, 195  
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;  
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more, 200  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall:  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
 But yet all is not done: Man disobeying,  
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins  
 Against the high supremacy of Heav'n, 205  
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,  
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,  
 But to destruction sacred and devote,  
 He with his whole posterity must die,  
 Die he or justice must; unless for him 210  
 Some other able, and as willing, pay  
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?  
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
 Man's mortal crime, and just, th' unjust to save? 215  
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,  
 And silence was in Heav'n: on man's behalf  
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw 220  
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransome set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe; had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine, 225  
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230  
 Comes unprepared, unimplor'd, unsought?  
 Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
 Atonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted, and undone, hath none to bring: 235  
 Behold me then; me for him, life for life  
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall;  
 Account me Man: I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240  
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreak all his rage;  
 Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess  
 Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,  
 Though new to Death I yield, and am his due 245  
 All that of me can die: yet that debt paid,  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
 For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue 250

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My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.

I through the ample air in triumph high  
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell; and show 255

The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,

While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,

Death last, and with his carcases glut the grave:

Then with the multitude of my redeem'd

Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud

Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd

And reconciliation; wrath shall be no more

Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire. 265

His words here ended, but his meek aspect

Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love

To mortal men, above which only shone

Filial obedience: as a sacrifice

Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will

Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd

All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend

Wond'ring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O Thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace

Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou 275

My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear

To me are all my works, nor Man the least

Though last created; that for him I spare

Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,

By losing thee a while, the whole race lost. 280

Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;

And be thyself man among men on earth,

Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin-seed,

By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room 285

The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee,

As from a second root, shall be restor'd

As

As many as are restor'd, without thee none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit 290  
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds:  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die; 295  
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
 His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.  
 So heav'nly love shall outdo hellish hate,  
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
 So dearly to redeem what hellish hate 300  
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys  
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
 Because thou hast, tho' thron'd in highest bliss 305  
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,  
 Found worthiest to be so by being good. 310  
 Far more than great or high; because in thee  
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,  
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne;  
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign, 315  
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 Anointed universal king; all power  
 I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
 Thy merits: under thee as head supreme  
 Thrones, Prinedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
 All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide 320  
 In Heav'n, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.  
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim  
 Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds 325

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The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
 Of all past ages to the general doom  
 Shall hasten, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
 Then all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
 Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink  
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
 And after all their tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth,  
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,  
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,  
 God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore him, who to compas all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honor him as mea-

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all  
 The multitude of Angels with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosanna's fill'd  
 Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
 Tow'rds either throne they bow, and to the ground  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold,  
 Immortal amaranth! a flow'r which once  
 In Paradise fast by the tree of life  
 Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence  
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,  
 And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life,  
 And where the river of bliss thro' midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elytian flow'r's her amber stream:  
 With these that never fade the spirits elect  
 Bind their replendent locks, inwreath'd with beams,  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with coelestial roses smil'd,

Then

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took, 365  
 Harps ever tun'd, that glitt'ring by their side  
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high,  
 No voice exempt; no voice but well could join 370  
 Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
 Eternal King; Thee Author of all Being,  
 Fountain of Light, thyself invisible 375  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
 Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and thro' a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380  
 Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sung of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine similitude!  
 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud 385  
 Made visible, th' almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee  
 Impres'd, th' effulgence of his glory abides;  
 Transfus'd on thee him ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heav'n of Heav'n's, and all the pow'r's therein 390  
 By thee created; and by thee drew down  
 Th' aspiring Dominations. Thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook  
 Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks 395  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
 Back from pursuit thy Pow'r's with loud acclame  
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
 Not so on man: him thro' their malice fall'n, 400  
 Father of mercy and grace! thou didst not doom  
 So strictly; but much more to pity incline.

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No sooner did thy dear and only Son,  
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd, 405  
 He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the blis wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die  
 For man's offence. O unexampled love! 410  
 Love no where to be found less than Divine!  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of men! thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song.  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin. 415

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round wold, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior orbs inclos'd 420  
 From Chaos, and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent.  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starles expos'd, and ever-threat'ning storms 425  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky!  
 Save on that side which from the well of Heaven,  
 Tho' distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud.  
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 As when a Vultur on Imaus bred,  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dissodging from a region scarce of prey  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanling kids,  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies tow'r'd the springs 435  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chineſe drive  
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light:  
 So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440

Walk'd

Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;  
 Alone, for other creature in this place  
 Living or lifeless to be found was none;  
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth  
 Up hither like aereal vapors flew, 445  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men:  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or th' other life: 450  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds:  
 All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, 455  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,  
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here.  
 Not in the neighb'rинг moon, as some have dream'd;  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.  
 Hither, of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,  
 First from the ancient world those giants came,  
 With many a vain exploit, tho' then renown'd: 465  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:  
 Others came single; he who to be deem'd  
 A God, leap'd fondly into Aetna flames, 470  
 Empedocles: and he who to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,  
 Cleombrotus: and many more too long,  
 Embryoes and idiots, Eremits, and Friars  
*White, Black and Gray*, with all their trumpery. 475  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heav'n;  
 And they who, to be sure af Paradise,

Dying

Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd; 480  
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fix'd,  
And that chrystalline sphere whose ballance weighs  
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd;  
And now Saint Peter at Heav'n's wicket seems  
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot 485  
Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their feet, when lo!  
A violent cross-wind from either coast  
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry  
Into the devious air: then might ye see  
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers toss 490  
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of winds. All these upwhirl'd aloft  
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off  
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd 495  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after: now unpeopled; and untrod.  
All this dark globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste 500  
His travell'd steps; far distant he descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heav'n a struture high;  
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd  
The work as of a kingly palace-gate, 505  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on earth  
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw 510  
Angels ascending and descending; bands  
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz,  
Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
And waking cry'd, *This is the gate of Heav'n.* 515  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood

There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes  
 Viewleſſ; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd  
 Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
 Who after came from earth, failing arriv'd,      520  
 Waſted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
 Rap'd in a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.  
 The ſtairs were then let down, whether to dare  
 The Fiend by eaſy ascent, or aggravate  
 His ſad exclusion from the doors of bliſs:      525  
 Direct, againſt which open'd from beneath,  
 Just o'er the bliſful ſeat of Paradife,  
 A paſſage down to th' earth, a paſſage wide,  
 Wider by far than that of after-times  
 Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,      530  
 Over the Promiſ'd Land to God fo dear,  
 By which, to viſit oft thofe happy tribes,  
 On high behefts his Angels to and fro  
 Paſſ'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,  
 From Paneas the fount of Jordan's flood      535  
 To Beérſaba, where the Holy Land  
 Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;  
 So wide the opening ſeen'd, where bounds were ſet  
 To darkness, ſuch as bound the ocean wave.  
 Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair      540  
 That ſcaſ'd by ſteps of gold to Heaven gate,  
 Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view  
 Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout  
 Thro' dark and defart ways with peril gone  
 All night, at laſt by break of chearful dawn      545  
 Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,  
 Which to his eye diſcovers unaware  
 The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land  
 First ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis  
 With gliſtering ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,      550  
 Which now the riſing Sun gilds with his beams:  
 Such wonder feiſ'd, though after Heaven ſeen,  
 The ſpirit malign; but much more envy feiſ'd  
 At ſight of all this world beheld fo fair.

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Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
 So high above the circling canopy 556  
 Of night's extended shade, from eastern point  
 Of Libra, to the fleecy star that bears  
 Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
 Beyond th' horizon : then from pole to pole 560  
 He views in breadth, and without longer pause  
 Down right into the world's first region throws  
 His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
 Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
 Amongst innumerable stars, that shone 565  
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;  
 Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,  
 Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,  
 Fortunate fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales,  
 Thrice happy isles, but who dwelt happy there 570  
 He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all  
 The golden sun, in splendor likest Heav'n,  
 Allur'd his eye: thither his course he bends  
 Through the calm firmament: but up or down,  
 By centre, or eccentric, hard to tell, 575  
 Or longitude, where the great luminary  
 Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
 Dispenses light from far; they as they move  
 Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
 Days, months and years, tow'rds his all-clearing lamp  
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd  
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
 The universe, and to each inward part  
 With gentle penetration, though unseen, 585  
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;  
 So wondrously was set his station bright.  
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
 Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb  
 Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw. 590  
 The place he found beyond expression bright,  
 Compar'd with ought on earth, metal or stone:

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd  
 With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;  
 If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear:  
 If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
 Ruby or topaz, or the twelve that shone  
 In Aaron's breast-plate: and a stone besides,  
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,  
 That stone, or like to that, which here below  
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
 In vain, though by their pow'ful art they bind  
 Volatil Hermes, and call up unbound  
 In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
 Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.  
 What wonder then if fields and regions here  
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch  
 Th' arch-chemic sun, so far from us remote,  
 Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,  
 Here in the dark so many precious things  
 Of color glorious, and effect so rare?  
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
 Undazled; far and wide his eye commands,  
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon  
 Culminate from th' equator, as they now  
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and th' air  
 No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray  
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:  
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;  
 Of beaming summy rays a golden tiar  
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind  
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
 Lay waving round: on some great charge employ'd  
 He seem'd; or fix'd in cogitation deep.  
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope

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To find who might direct his wand'ring flight; 631  
To Paradise the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay: 635

And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to ev'ry limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd.  
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640  
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore  
Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright, 645  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,  
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known  
Th' Arch-Angel Uriel, one of the sev'n  
Who in Gods presence, nearest to his throne  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650  
That run thro' all the Heav'ns, or down to th' earth.  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.

Uriel, for thou of those sev'n spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright, 655  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his sons thy embassy attend:  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye 660  
To visit oft this new creation round:  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man.  
His chief delight and favor, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd, 665  
Hath brought me from the quire of Cherubim  
Alone thus wand'ring, Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs bath Man.

His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell: 670  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold,  
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet, 675  
The Universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happy race of Men  
To serve him better: wise are all his ways. 680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth: 685  
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity  
Reigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd  
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held 690  
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven:  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul  
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.

Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify 695  
The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700  
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight;  
But what created mind can comprehend 705  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite

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That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?  
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,  
 This world's material mould, came to a heap:  
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar  
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd:  
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
 Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:  
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire: 715  
 And this ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
 That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars,  
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;  
 Each had his place appointed, each his course; 720  
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.  
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, tho' but reflected, shines:  
 That place is Earth, the seat of man, that light  
 His day, which else as th' other hemisphere 725  
 Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon,  
 So call that opposite fair star, her aid  
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
 Still endig, still renewing, through mid Heav'n,  
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730  
 Hence fills and empties, to enlighten th' earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode, those lofty shades his bower.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires. 735

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Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,  
 As to superior spirits wont in Heav'n,  
 Where honor due and reverénce none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,  
 Down from th' ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740  
 Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,  
 Nor stay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

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That

*The End of the Third Book.*

## BOOK IV.

O for that warning voice, which he who saw  
 Th' Apocalyps heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
*Woe to th' inhabitants on earth!* that now 5  
 While time was, our first parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare: for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 The tempter e're th' accuser of mankind, 10  
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first battel, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed though bold,  
 Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth 15  
 Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,  
 And like a devilish engine back recoils  
 Upon himself: horror and doubt distract  
 His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
 The Hell within him; for within him hell 20  
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell  
 One step no more than from himself can fly  
 By change of place: now conscience wakes despair  
 That slumber'd, wakes the bitter memory  
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be 25  
 Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
 Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his view  
 Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixes sad;  
 Sometimes tow'rds Heav'n and the full blazing sun,  
 Which now sat high in his meridian tow'r: 30  
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.  
 O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call, 35  
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But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
 O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;  
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down      40  
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless king.  
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.      45  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks;  
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
 I 'sdein'd subjection, and thought one step higher      50  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd.  
 And understood not that a grateful mind      55  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharg'd: what burden then?  
 O had his pow'rful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior Angel! I had stood  
 Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd      60  
 Ambition. Yet why not? some other Power  
 As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
 Drawn to his part; but other Pow'rs as great  
 Fell not, but stand-unshaken, from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.      65  
 Hadst thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?  
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then, or what, t'accuse,  
 But Heav'n's free love dealt equally to all?  
 Be then his love accrû'd, since love or hate,  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.      70  
 Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues,  
 Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?  
 Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;  
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
 O then at last relent! is there no place  
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?  
 None left but by submission; and that word  
*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
 Th' Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain;  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.  
 With diadem and sc̄ptre high advanc'd,  
 The lower still I fall, only supreme  
 In misery; such joy ambition finds!  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain  
 By act of grace my former state; how soon  
 Would hight recall high thoughts, how soon unsey  
 What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
 For never can true reconciliation grow  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
 And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart.  
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far  
 From granting he, as I from begging peace.  
 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
 Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
 Mankind created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;  
 Evil be thou my good! by thee at least  
 Divided empire with Heav'n's king I hold;

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By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign:  
As Man e're-long, and this new world shall know.

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Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face  
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy and despair; 115  
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.

85

For heav'nly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,  
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm, 120  
Articer of fraud; and was the first

90

That practis'd falsehood under faintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive 125  
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye persued him down

y 95

The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy fort: his gestures fierce  
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,

100

As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen. 130  
So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champaign head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy fides 135  
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wild,

Access deny'd: and over head up grew  
Insuperable hight of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend 140

Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung: 145  
Which to our general fire gave prospect large  
Into his neather empire, neighb'ring round.

And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colors mix'd:

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On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams 150  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath shew'r'd the earth; so lovely seem'd  
That landscape! and of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive 155  
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past 160  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeen odors from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest; with such delay  
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league  
Clear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: 165  
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane; though with them better pleas'd  
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the sponge  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent 170  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to th' ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth 175  
Of shrups and tangling bushes had perplex'd  
All path of man or beast that bas'd that way:  
One gate there only was, and that look'd east  
On th' other side: which when th' Arch-felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt, 180  
At one slight bound hight over-leape'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve 185  
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:

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Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Clos'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:  
So climb this first grand thief into God's fold;  
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life  
The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life,  
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death  
To them who liv'd: nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd most well  
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.  
Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth! for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
Of Eden placed; Eden stretch'd her line  
From Aurâne eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Belassar. In this pleasant foilest  
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd:  
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow  
All trees of nobleti kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the tree of life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit,  
Of vegetable gold: and next to life,  
Our death the Tree of knowledge, grew fast by  
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill!  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown  
That

That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Water'd the garden; thence united fell 230  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm  
And country, whereof here needs no account; 235  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How, from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
Flow'r's worthy of Paradise, which not nice art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade 245  
Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'r's. Thus was this place  
A happy rural seat of various view:  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums, and balm,  
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind  
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true, 250  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.  
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmy hilloc, or the flow'ry lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store; 255  
Flow'r's of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriat: mean-while murmur'ring waters fall 260  
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd  
Her chrysal mirror holds, unite their streams.

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The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune 265  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flow'r by gloomy Dis 270  
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her thro' the world; nor that sweet grove  
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive: nor that Nyseian isle 275  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye:  
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd  
True Paradise, under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock;  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden; where the Fiend 285  
Saw undelight all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures new to sight and strange.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erest; with native honor clad  
In naked majesty; seem'd Lords of all, 290  
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine,  
The image of their glorious maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,  
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd.  
Whence true authority in men: though both 295  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;  
For contemplation he and valor form'd,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him,  
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd 300  
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks

Round

Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.  
 She, as a veil, down to the slender waist  
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore, 305  
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,  
 As the vine, curling her tendrils, which imply'd  
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
 And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,  
 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;  
 Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame  
 Of nature's works; honor dishonorable,  
 Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind 315  
 With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
 And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,  
 Simplicity and spotless innocence?  
 So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight  
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill: 320  
 So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair  
 That ever since in love's embraces met;  
 Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
 His sons the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
 Under a rust of shade, that on a green 325  
 Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain side  
 They sat them down: and after no more toil  
 Of their sweet gard'ning labor than suffic'd  
 To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease  
 More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
 More grateful, to their supper fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downy banck damask'd with flowers.  
 The favourly pulp they chew, and in the rind 335  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,

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Alone as they. About them frisking play'd      340  
 All beasts of th'earth, since wild, and of all chase  
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den;  
 Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw  
 Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
 Gambol'd before them, th'unwieldy elephant      345  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
 His lithe proboscis; close the serpent fly  
 Insinuating, wove with gordian twine  
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
 Gave proof unheeded: others on the grass      350  
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,  
 Or bedward ruminating: for the sun  
 Declin'd was hastening now with prone career  
 To th'ocean isles, and in th'ascending scale  
 Of Heav'n the stars that usher evening rose:      355  
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,  
 Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd  
 Creatures of other mold; earth-born perhaps,      360  
 Not spirits, yet to heav'nly spirits bright  
 Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace      364  
 The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.  
 Ah gentle pair, ye little thinck how nigh  
 Your change approaches, when all these delights  
 Will vanish, and deliver you to woe,  
 More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:  
 Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd      370  
 Long to continue; and this high seat your Heav'n  
 Ill fenc'd for Heav'n, to keep out such a foe  
 As now is enter'd: yet no purpos'd foe  
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
 Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,      375  
 And mutual amity so strait, so close,  
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me

Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,  
 Like this fair Paradise, your tense, yet such  
 Accept your maker's work; he gave it me, 380  
 Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,  
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
 And send forth all her kings: there will be room,  
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
 Your numerous offspring: if no better place, 385  
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.  
 And should I at your harmless innocence  
 Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
 Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd, 390  
 By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now  
 To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree 395  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and unesp'y'd  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400  
 By word or action mark'd: about them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight couches close, then rising changes oft 405  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men  
 To first of women Eve thus moving speech,  
 Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow. 410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all! needs must the Pow'r  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite;

415  
 That

That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Ought whereof he hath need, he who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep      420  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;  
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,      425  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt: for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule  
 Conferr'd upon us, and dominion giv'n      430  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights:      435  
 But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
 His bounty, following our delightful task  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,  
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.  
 To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom      440  
 And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,  
 And without whom am to no end, my guide  
 And head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy      445  
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
 Preeminent by so much odds, while thou  
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
 I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd      450  
 Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where  
 And what I was, whence thither brought and how.  
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound

Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd 455  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
A shape within the watry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me. I started back,  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd;  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd 465  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, "What thou seest,  
"What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;  
"Whit thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
"And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470  
"Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he  
"Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy  
"Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
"Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
"Mother of human race." What could I do, 475  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a plantan, yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watry image: back I turn'd; 480  
Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return fair Eve,  
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side 485  
Henceforth an individual solace dear.  
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half! — with that thy gentle hand  
Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

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So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
 Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,  
 And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd  
 On our first father; half her swelling breast  
 Naked met his under the flowing gold  
 Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
 Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter  
 On Juno smiles, when he impregn's the clouds  
 That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip  
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd  
 For envy, yet with jealous leer malign  
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plain'd.

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
 Imparadis'd in one another's arms,  
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,  
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
 Among our other torments not the least,  
 Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.  
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
 From their own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
 One fatal Tree there stands of knowledge call'd,  
 Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?  
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord  
 Envy them that? can it be sin to know?  
 Can it be death? and do they only stand  
 By ignorance? is that their happy state,  
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
 Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds  
 With more desire to know, and to reject  
 Envious commands, invented with design  
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
 Equal with Gods: aspiring to be such,  
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
 But first with narrow search I must walk round  
 This garden, and no corner leave unspy'd;

A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530  
 Some wand'ring Spirit of Heav'n, by fountain side,  
 Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
 What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may  
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,  
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed. 535

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
 But with sly circumspection, and began  
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale his roam  
 Mean-while in utmost longitude, where Heav'n  
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun 540  
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
 Level'd his evening rays: it was a rock  
 Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,  
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent 545  
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;  
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.  
 Betwixt these roky pillars Gabriel sat,  
 Chief of th' Angelic guards, awaiting night: 550  
 About him exercis'd heroic games  
 Th' unarmed youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
 Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,  
 Hung high with diamond flaining, and with gold.  
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the ev'n 555  
 On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting star  
 In Autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner  
 From what point of his Compass to beware  
 Imperious winds: he thus began in haste. 565

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath giv'n  
 Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place  
 No evil thing approach, or enter in.  
 This day at hight of noon came to my sphere  
 A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know 560  
 More of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,  
 God's latest image: I describ'd his way

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Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait:  
 But in the mount that lies from Eden north,  
 Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks 570  
 Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
 Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade  
 Lost sight of him; one of the banish'd crew,  
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise  
 New troubles; him thy care must be to find. 575

To whom the winged warrior thus return'd:  
 Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,  
 Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,  
 See far and wide: in at this gate none pass  
 The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come 580  
 Well known from Heav'n; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence. If spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthly bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar. 585  
 But if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.

So promis'd he, and Uriel to his charge  
 Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd 590  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fall'n  
 Beneath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd  
 Diurnal, or this less volubil earth  
 By shorter flight to th' east, had left him there 595  
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold.  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.  
 Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
 Silence accompany'd, for beast and bird, 600  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were flunk; all but the wakeful nighthingale:  
 She all night long her amorous descent sung;  
 Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament  
 With living saphirs: Hesperus, that led 605

The starry host rode brightest, till the moon  
Rising in clouded majesty at lenght,  
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw;

When Adam thus to Eve. Fair consort, th'hour 610  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labor and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft flumbrous weight, inclines 615  
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest:  
Man hath his daily work of body, or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways: 620  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account.  
To morrow, e're fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
And at our pleasant Ibor, to reform 625  
Yon flow'ry arbors, yonder alleys green  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown;  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanto growth.  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums 630  
That lie bestrown unsightly and unsimooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:  
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd:  
My author and disposer, what thou bidst 635  
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains;  
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time;  
All seasons and their change, all please alike. 640  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads

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His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,  
Glist'ring with dew: fragrant the fertile earth 645  
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful ev'ning mild: then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train.  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends 650  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon, 655  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these, for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?

To whom our general ancestor reply'd;  
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve, 660  
These have their course to finish, round the earth,  
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land  
In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;  
Lest total darkness should by night regain 665  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In nature and all things; which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On earth; made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.  
These then, though unheeld in deep of night, 674  
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night: how often from the steep 680  
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard

Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator; oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk 685  
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd  
On to their blissful Bow'r: it was a place 690  
Chos'n by the sov'reign planter, when he fram'd  
All things to man's delightful use: the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle; and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side 695  
Acanthus, and each o'erous bushy shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall: each beauteous flow'r,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet, 700  
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone  
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;  
Such was their awe of man. In shadier bow'r 705  
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,  
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor faunus haunted. Here in close recess  
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed, 710  
And heav'nly quires the hymenaeon sung;  
What day the genial Angel to our fire  
Brought her in naked beauty, more adorn'd,  
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods  
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O, too like 715  
In sad event! when to th' unwiser son  
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she insnar'd  
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

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Thus at their shady Lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720  
 Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd  
 The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n,  
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,  
 Maker omnipotent, and thou the day 725  
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd  
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help  
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
 Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place  
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants 730  
 Partakers, and uncrop't falls to the ground.  
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a race  
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol  
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep. 735

This said unanimous, and other rites  
 Observing none, but adoration pure,  
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
 Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
 These troublesome disguises which we wear, 740  
 Straight side by side were laid: nor turn'd I ween  
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
 Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:  
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk  
 Of purity and place and innocence, 745  
 Defaming as impure what God declares  
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
 Our maker bids increase; who bids abstain  
 But out destroyer, foe to God and man?  
 Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source 750  
 Of human offspring, sole propriety  
 In Paradise, of all things common else.  
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men,  
 Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,  
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure, 755  
 Relations dear, and all the charities  
 Of father, son, and brother first were known.

Fat

Ear bē it, that I should write thee sin or blame;  
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets! 760  
 Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounced,  
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
 Reigns here and revels: nor in the bought smile 765  
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeard,  
 Casual fruition, nor in courtly amours,  
 Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,  
 Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings  
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
 These, lull'd by nightingales embracing slept,  
 And on their naked limbs the flow'ry roof  
 Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on  
 Blest pair; and O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
 No happier state, and know to know no more. 775

Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy cone  
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,  
 And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustom'd hour stood arm'd  
 To their night-watches in warlike parade, 780  
 When Gabriel to his next in pow'r thus spake.

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
 With strictest watch: these other wheel the north,  
 Our circuit meets full west. As flame they part  
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear. 785  
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he call'd,  
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
 Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed  
 Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook:  
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harm.  
 This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,  
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent, who could have thought? escap'd  
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: 795

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Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.

So saying, on he led his radiant files,

Dazzling the moon; these to the bow'r direct,  
In search of whom they sought: him there they found

Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve;      800

Affaying by his devilish art to reach

The organs of her fancy, and with them forge

Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams:

Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint

Th' animal spirits, that from pure blood arise      805

Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence raise

At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,

Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,

Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.

Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear

810

Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can indure

Touch of celestial temper, but returns

Or force to its own likeness, up he starts

Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark

Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid

815

Fit for the sun, some magazine to store

Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:

So started up in his own shape the Fiend.

Back stept those two fair angels half amaz'd

820

So sudden to behold the grisly King;

Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, aceolt him soon.

Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell

Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and transform'd,

Why farst thou, like an enemy in wait,

825

Here watching at the head of thene that sleep?

Known ye not then, said Satan, fill'd with scorn,

Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,

830

Th' lowest of your throng: or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn,  
 Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same 835  
 Or undiminish'd bright'ness to be known,  
 As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure;  
 That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
 Departed from thee; and thou resembl'st now  
 Thy sin and place of doom, obscure and foul. 840  
 But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
 To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
 This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherub, and his grave rebuke,  
 Severe in youthful beauty, added grace 845  
 Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,  
 And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
 Virtue in her shape how lovely, saw and pin'd,  
 His loss: but chiefly to find here observ'd  
 His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd 850  
 Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,  
 Best with the best, the sender not the sent,  
 Or all at once; more glory will be won,  
 Or less be lost. Fhy fear, said Zephon bold,  
 Will save us trial what the least can do 855  
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;  
 But like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,  
 Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly  
 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd 860  
 His heart, not else disinay'd. Now drew they nigh  
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards  
 Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,  
 Awaiting next command; to whom their Chief,  
 Gabriel, from the front thus call'd aloud. 865

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
 Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
 Ichuriel and Zephon through the shade,  
 And with them comes a third of regal port,  
 But faded splendor wan, who by his gait 870  
 And fierce demeanor seems the Prince of Hell;

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## Book VI. PARADISE LOST.

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Not likely to part hence without contest:  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended when those two approach'd,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd. 876  
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.

Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd  
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress 880  
By thy example, but have pow'r and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this blace;  
Employ'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in pliss?

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow. 885  
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd  
Put me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Tho' thither doom'd? thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place,  
Farthest from pain; where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment with ease, and toonest recompense  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought:  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good, 895  
But evil hast not try'd. And wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance! thus much what was ask'd.  
The rest is true: they found me where they say; 900  
But that implies not violence, or harm.

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
Dindainfully half smiling, thus reply'd,  
O lots of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew! 905  
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;

80

So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910  
 However, and to scape his punishment.  
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
 Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight  
 Sev'nfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
 Which taught thee yet no better, than no pain 915  
 Can equal anger infinite provok'd.

But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? courageous chief! 920  
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alledg'd  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answer'd frowning stern.  
 Not that I less indure, or shrink from pain, 925  
 Insulting Angel, well thou know'st; I stood  
 The fiercest, when in battel to thy aid  
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past,  
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untry'd:  
 I therefore, I alone first undertook 935  
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy  
 This new created world, whereof in Hell  
 Fame is not silent; here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted Pow'rs  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air; 940  
 Though, for possession, put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
 Whose easier busines were to serve their Lord  
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight. 945  
 To whom the warrior Angel soon reply'd:  
 To say, and straight unsay, pretending first

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Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
 Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,  
 Satan! and couldst thou *faithful* add? O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.  
 Was this your discipline and faith engag'd,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r supreme?  
 And thou, fly hypocrite! who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servily ador'd  
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But marck what I arred thee now: avant!  
 Fly thither whence thou fledst: if from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chanc'd.  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facil gates of Hell too lightly barr'd.  
 So threaten'd he, but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxin more in rage reply'd.  
 Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,  
 Proud limitary Cherub, but e're then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm; though Heav'n's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of Heav'n star-pav'd.  
 While thus he spake, th' Angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the threshing floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On th' other side Satan alarm'd,

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Collecting all his might dilated stood  
 Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:  
 Misstature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensu'd; nor only Paradise 991  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon 995  
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astraea and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,  
 The pendulous round earth with ballanc'd air 1000  
 In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
 Battels and realms: in these he put two weights  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam:  
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the Fiend. 1005

Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,  
 Neither our own but giv'n: what folly then  
 To boast what arms can do, since thine no more  
 Than Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up, 1010  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,  
 If thou resist. — The Fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night. 1015

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

B O O K V.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When Adam wak'd: so custom'd; for his sleep  
 Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,

And

And temperate vapors bland, which th' only found,<sup>\*)</sup> 5  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on every bough. So much the more  
 His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,<sup>10</sup>  
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beauty, which whether waking or asleep,<sup>15</sup>  
 Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice  
 Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight!<sup>20</sup>  
 Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove.  
 What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colors, how the bee<sup>25</sup>  
 Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with start'd eye,  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
 Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,<sup>30</sup>  
 Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
 If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,  
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
 Knew never till this irksome night. Methought  
 Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk<sup>35</sup>  
 With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,

G 2      Why

\*] Perhaps these two Verses were originally dictated by the Author thus:

And temperate vapors bland from fuming rills,  
 Which th' only found of leaves, Aurora's fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, &c.

Why sleep'st thou Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reigns  
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasant light  
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard: heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire? 45  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:  
To find thee I directed then my walk; 50  
And on, methought, alone I pass'd thro' ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:  
And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood 55  
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd  
Ambrophia; on that tree he also gaz'd;  
And O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet, 60  
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offer'd good: why else set here?  
This said he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm 65  
He pluck'd, he tasted: me damp horror chill'd.  
At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.  
But he thus, overjoy'd, O fruit divine!  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus erop't!  
Forbidden here it seems, as only fit 70  
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:  
And why not Gods of Men, since good the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?  
Here, happy creature, fair Angelic Eve! 75  
Partake thou also: happy though thou art,

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Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:  
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
 Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,  
 But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes  
 Ascend to Heav'n by merit thine, and see  
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.  
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
 Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savoury smell  
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,  
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide  
 And various: wond'ring at my flight and change  
 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
 And fell asleep: but O, how glad I wak'd  
 To find this but a dream! Thus Eve her night  
 Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.

Best image of myself, and dearer half!  
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
 Affects me equally; nor can I like  
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear,  
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
 Created pure. But know that in the soul  
 Are many lesser faculties that serve  
 Reason as chief: among these fancy next  
 Her office holds: of all external things  
 Which the five watchful senses represent,  
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,  
 Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames  
 All what we affirm, or what deny, and call  
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
 Into her private cell, when nature rests.  
 Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes  
 To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,  
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;  
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances methinks I find  
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream, 115  
 But with addition strange: yet be not sad:  
 Evil into the mind of God or Man  
 May come and go, so unprov'd, and leave  
 No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope  
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream, 120  
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
 Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,  
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,  
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world:  
 And let us to our fresh employments rise 125  
 Among the groves, the fountains and the flow'rs,  
 That open now their choicest bosom'd smells  
 Referv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So chear'd he his fair spouse, and she was chear'd,  
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
 From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair:  
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
 Each in their crystal quince, he e're they fell  
 Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
 And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended. 135

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.  
 But first from under shady arborous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce uprisen,  
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim, 140  
 Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,  
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east  
 Of Paradise, and Eden's happy plains.  
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid 145  
 In various style; for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or fung  
 Unmediated, such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse. 150  
 More tuneable, than needed lute or harp

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To add more sweetnes , and they thus began.  
 These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!  
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,  
 Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then! 155  
 Unspeakable! who sitt above these Heav'ns,  
 To us invisible, or dimly seen  
 In these thy lowest works: yet these declare  
 Thy goodness, beyond thought, and pow'r divine.  
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, 160  
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with songs  
 And choral symphonies, day without night,  
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heav'n,  
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol:  
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end! 165  
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
 Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,  
 Acknowledge him thy greater, found his praise  
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.  
 Moon, that now meet'st orient sun, now fly'st, 175  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move  
 In mystie dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth, 180  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to our Great Maker still new praise.  
 Ye mists and exhalations that now rise 185  
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 In honor to the world's great author rise;  
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 195  
 Rung or taling still advance his praise,  
 His prae, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.  
 Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow, 195  
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
 Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,  
 That singing up to Heaven gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep:  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail univerial Lord! be bounteous still 205  
 To give us only good: and if the night  
 Have gather'd ought of evil or conceald,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts  
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm, 210  
On to their morning's rural work they haste  
 Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row  
 Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd to far  
 Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine 215  
 To wed her elm; she spous'd about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dow'r th' adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld  
 With pity Heav'n's high King, and to him call'd 220  
 Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deign'd  
 To travel with Tobias, and secur'd  
 His marrage with the seventimes wedded maid.  
 Raphael, said he, thou hearst what stir on earth  
 Satan from Hell scap'd thro' the darksome gulf, 225  
 Hath rais'd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
 This night the human pair, how he desigus

In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go therefore; half this day as friend with friend  
 Converse with Adam, in what bow'r or shade 230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,  
 To respit his day-labor with repast,  
 Or with repose: and such discourse bring on,  
 As may advise him of his happy state,  
 Happiness in his pow'r left free to will, 235  
 Left to his own free will; his will though free,  
 Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not too secure. Tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy  
 Late fall'n himself from Heav'n, is plotting now 240  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss:  
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;  
 But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
 Lest wilfully transgressing he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd. 245

So spake th' eternal Father, and fulfil'd  
 All justice; nor delay'd the winged saint  
 After his charge receiv'd; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardors, where he stood  
 Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up springing light, 250  
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n: th' angelic quires  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all th' empyreal road; till at the gate  
 Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work 255  
 Divine, the sov'reign architect had fram'd,  
 From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
 Star interpos'd, however small he sees,  
 Not unconform to other shining globes,  
 Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd 260  
 Above all hills. As when by night the glass  
 Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes  
 Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon;  
 Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades,  
 Delos, or Samos, first appearing, sees 265

A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
 He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
 Sails between worlds and worlds: with steady wing  
 Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar 270  
 Of towring eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
 A Phoenix gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,  
 When to inshrine his reliques in the sun's  
 Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
 At once on th' eastern cliff of Paradise 275  
 He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
 A Seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade  
 His lineaments divine; the pair that clad  
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast  
 With regal ornament: the middle pair 280  
 Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
 Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
 And colors dipt in heav'n: the third his feet  
 Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,  
 Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood, 285  
 And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
 The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
 Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
 And to his message high in honor rise;  
 For on some message high they guess'd him bound. 290  
 Their glitt'ring tents he pass'd, and now is come  
 Into the blissfull field, through groves of myrrh,  
 And flow'ring odors, cassia, nard, and balm;  
 A wilderness of sweets! for Nature here  
 Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will 295  
 Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
 Wild above rule or art; enormous bliss!  
 Him through the spicy forest onward come  
 Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat  
 Of his cool bow'r, while now the mounted Sun 300  
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm  
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:  
 And Eye within, due at her hour prepar'd

For

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please,  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst 305  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
Berry or grape; to whom thus Adam call'd.

Haste hither Eve, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another morn. 315  
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heav'n  
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe  
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour  
Abundance, fit to honor and receive 315  
Our heav'ly stranger: well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestow'd; where Nature multiplies  
Her fertil growth, and by disbur'dning grows  
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,  
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes. 325  
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
Each plant, and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel-guest, as he  
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth  
God had dispens'd his bounties, as in Heav'n. 330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste,  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,  
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix  
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change:  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever earth all-bearing mother yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where  
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough,

Rough or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers; tribute large and on the board  
Heaps with unsparling hand: for drink the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
From many a berry; and from sweet kernels press'd,  
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure: then strows the ground  
With rose, and odors from the shrub unfum'd.

Mean while our primitive great sire, to meet  
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompanied than with his own complete  
Perfections; in himself was all his state:  
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
On Princes, when their rich retinue long  
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold  
Dazles the crowd, and sets them all agape.  
Nearer his presence Adam though not aw'd,  
Yet with submiss approach, and reverence meek,  
As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. Native of Heaven! for other place  
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain,  
Since by descending from the thrones above,  
Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while  
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us  
Two only, who yet by sov'reign gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
To rest; and what the garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline.

Whom thus th' angelic Virtue answer'd mild.

Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, ~~nor~~ such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heav'n,  
To visit thee: lead on then where thy bow'r  
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till ev'ning rise,  
I have at will. So to the sylvan lodge  
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd.  
With flowrets deck'd, and fragrant smells: but Eve

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Undeck'd, save with herself, more lovely fair  
Than Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd.  
Of three that in mount Ida naked grove,  
Stood t'entertain her guest from Heav'n; no veil  
She needed, virtue-proof, no t'ought infirm  
Alter'd her cheek, On whom the Angel *Hail*  
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to bleit Mary, second Eve,

Hail Mother of Mankind! whose fruitful womb  
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,  
Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of grassy turf  
Their table was, and mossy seats had round:  
And on her ample square from side to side  
All Autumn pil'd, though Spring and Autum here  
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began  
Our author. Heav'nly stranger! please to taste  
The bounties which our nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The earth to yield; unsavoury food perhaps  
To spiritual natures; only this I know,  
That one celestial Father gives to all,

to whom the Angel. Therefore what he giv's,  
Whose praise be ever sung! to man, in part  
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found.  
No ingrateful food, and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require,  
As doth your rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty.  
Offense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
Far know, whatever was created, needs  
To be sustain'd and fed; of elements  
The grosser feeds the purer; earth the sea;  
Earth and the sea feed air; the air those fires.

Ethe-

Ethereal; and as lowest first the moon;  
 Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
 Vapors, not yet into her substance turn'd. 420  
 Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale  
 From her moist continent to higher orbs.  
 The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
 From all his alimental recompense,  
 In humid exhalations; and at ev'n 425  
 Sups with the ocean. Though in Heav'n the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield Nectar; though from of the boughs each morn  
 We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground  
 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430  
 Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
 As may compare with Heaven, and to taste  
 Think not I shall be nice. — So down they sat,  
 And to their viands fell, nor seemingly  
 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss 435  
 Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
 To-transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires  
 Through spirits with ease, nor wonder; if by fire  
 Of footy coal the empiric alchymist 440  
 Can turn, or holds it possele to turn,  
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
 As from the mine. Mean while at table Eve  
 Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups  
 With pleasant liquors crow'nd. O innocence 445  
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 The had the sons of God excuse t' have been  
 Enamour'd at that sight: but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy  
 Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell. 450  
 Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burden'd nature, sudden mind arose  
 In Adam, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Giv'n him by this great conference, to know  
 Of things above this world, and of their being 455  
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Who dwell in Heav'n: whose excellence he saw,  
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence! whose high pow'r so far  
Exceeded human; and his wary speech  
Thus to th' empyreal minister he fram'd. 460

Inhabitant with God! now know I well  
Thy favor, in this honor done to man;  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food nob't of Angels; yet accepted so, 465  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heav'n's high feasts r' have fed: yet what compare?

To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.  
O Adam! one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return 470  
If not deprav'd from good, created all,  
Such to perfection, one first matter all; 475  
Indued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,  
Each in their several active spheres assign'd; 480  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk; from thence the leaves  
More airy; last, the bright consummate flow'r 485  
Spirits odorous breathes; flow'rs, and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense; 490  
Fancy and understanding; whence the four  
Reason receives; and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse  
Is otest yours, the latter most is ours;  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same. 495  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance. Time may come, when Men

With

With Angels may participate, and find  
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare: 495  
 And from these corporal nutriment perhaps  
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
 Improv'd by tract of time; and wing'd ascend  
 Ethereal, as we; or may at choice,  
 Here, or in heav'ly Paradises dwell; 500  
 If ye be found obedient, and retain  
 Unalterably firm his love entire,  
 Whose progeny you are. Mean while, enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happy state  
 Can comprehend, incapable of more. 505

To whom the patriarch of mankind reply'd.  
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest! 510  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set  
 From center to circumference; whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascent to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution join'd, if ye be found  
 Obedient? Can we want obedience then  
 To him, or possibly his love desert, 515  
 Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek, or apprehend?

To whom the Angel. Son of heav'n and earth,  
 Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God: 520  
 That thou continuest such, owe to thyself.  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; he advis'd,  
 God made thee perfect, not immutable;  
 And good he made thee; but to persevere 525  
 He left it in thy pow'r, ordain'd thy will  
 By nature free, not over-ru'l'd by fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity.  
 Our voluntary service he requires,  
 Not our necessitated; such with him 530  
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how

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Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve  
 Willing or no, who will but what they must  
 By destiny, and can no other chuse?

Myself and all th' Angelic host, that stand 535

In sight of God in throne'd, our happy state

Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;

On other surely none: freely we serve,

Because we freely love; as in our will

To love, or not; in this we stand or fall. 540

And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,

And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall

From what high state of bliss, into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words

Attentive, and with more delighted ear, 545

Divine instructor! I have heard, than when

Cherubic songs by night from neigb'ring hills

Aereal music send. Nor knew I not

To be both will and deed created free;

Yet that we never shall forget to love 550

Our Maker, and obey him whose command

Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts

Affur'd me, and still assure; though what thou tell'st

Hath pass'd in Heav'n, to me doubt within me move.

But more desire to hear, if thou consent. 555

The full relation; which must needs be strange,

Worthy of sacred silence to be heard:

And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun

Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins

His other half in the great zone of Heav'n. 560

Thus Adam made request, and Raphael

After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime of men!

Sad talk and hard! For how shall I relate

To human sense th' invisible exploits

Of warring spirits? How, without remorse,

The ruin of so many glorious once,

And perfect, while they stood? how last unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps

565

Not lawful to reveal! Yet for thy good                            570  
 This is dispens'd: and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporeal forms,  
 As may express them best: though, what if earth  
 Be but the shadow of heav'n, and things therein            575  
 Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reign'd where these Heav'n's now roll, where earth now  
 Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day,                            580  
 For time, though in eternity, apply'd                              (rests)  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future, on such day  
 As Heav'n's great year brings forth, th' empyreal host  
 Of Angels by imperial summons call'd,  
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne                        585  
 Forthwith, from all the ends of Heav'n, appear'd  
 Under their Hierarchs in orders bright:  
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,  
 Standarts, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear,  
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve                        590  
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees:  
 Or in their glittering tissues bear imblaz'd  
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs  
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,                                595  
 Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,  
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son,  
 Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top  
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, progeny of light,                        600  
 Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, Virtues, Pow'r's!  
 Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.  
 This day I have begot whom I declare  
 My only Son, and on this holy hill  
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold                        605  
 At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
 And by myself have sworn to him shall bow

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All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord.

Under his great vice-gerent reign abide

United, as one individual soul,

610

For ever happy : Him who disobeys,

Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,

Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls

Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd, his place

Ordain'd without redemption, without end.

615

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words

All seem'd well pleas'd : all seem'd, but were not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent

In song and dance about the sacred hill;

Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

620

Of Planets and of fix'd in all her wheels

Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular

Then most, when most irregular they seem ;

And in their motions harmony divine

625

So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,

For we have also our ev'ning and our morn,

We ours for change del-estable, not need,

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn

630

Desirous: all in circles as they stood,

Tables are set, and on a sudden pi'd

With Angels food, and rubied nectar flows

In pearl, in diamond, and masfy gold,

Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.

635

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh flow'rets crown'd,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortality and joy, secure

Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds

Excess, before th' all-bounteous King, who showr'd

640

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.

Now, when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd

From that high mount of God, whence light and shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd

To grateful twilight, for night comes not there

645

In darker veil, and roseate dews dispos'd  
 All but th' unsleeping eyes of God to rest;  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globose earth in plain outspread,  
 Such are the courts of God! th' Angelic throng 650  
 Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life,  
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept  
 Fan'd with cool winds! save those who in their course  
 Melodious hymns, about the sov'reign throne, 656  
 Alternate all night long. But not so wak'd  
 Satan so call him now, his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heaven. He of the first,  
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in pow'r, 660  
 In favor and preeminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd  
 Messiah; King anointed, could not bear  
 Thro' pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd. 668  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour,  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshipt, unobey'd the throne supreme 670  
 Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleep'st thou, companion dear! what sleep can close  
 Thy eye-lids? and remember'st what decree  
 Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips 675  
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wait wont, I mine to thee was wont t' impart:  
 Both waking we were one; how then can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou feest impos'd:  
 New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve; new counsels, to debate  
 What doubtful may ensue: more in this place  
 To utter is not safe. Assemble thou

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Of all those myriads which we lead the chief:  
 Tell them that by command, e'er yet dim night 685  
 Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
 And all who under me their banners wave,  
 Homeward, with flying march, where we possess  
 The quarters of the north; there to prepare  
 Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690  
 The greath Messiah, and his new commands;  
 Who speedily through all Hierarchies  
 Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
 Bad influence into th' unwary breast 695  
 Of his associate: he together calls,  
 Or several one by one, the regent Pow'rs,  
 Under him regent, tells, as he was taught,  
 That the Most High commanding, now ere night,  
 Now ere dim night had disincumber'd heav'n, 700  
 The great hierachal standard was to move:  
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
 Ambiguous words, and jealousies, to sound  
 Or taint integrity: but all obey'd  
 The wonted signal, and superior voice 705  
 Of their great Potentate; for great indeed  
 His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n,  
 His count'nance, as the morning star that guides  
 The starry flock allur'd them; and with lies  
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's host. 710

Mean-while th' Eternal eye, whose sights discerns  
 Abstruse thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
 And from within the golden lamps that burn  
 Nightly before him, saw without their light  
 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread 715  
 Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes  
 Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
 And smiling to his only Son, thus said,

Son, thou in whom my glory I behold  
 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might!  
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure 720

Of our Omnipotence; and with what arms  
 W<sup>m</sup> mean to hold what anciently we claim  
 Of Deity or empire: such a foe  
 Is rising, who intends t<sup>e</sup> erect his throne 725  
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north:  
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
 In battel, what our pow'r is, or our right.  
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
 With speed what force is left, and all employ 730  
 In our defense, leit unawares we lose  
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

To whom the Son with calm aspect, and clear,  
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene!  
 Made answer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes 735  
 Justly hast in derision and secure  
 Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,  
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
 Illustrates, when they see all regal pow'r  
 Giv'n me to quell their pride; and in event 740  
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.

So spake the Son: but Satan with his powers  
 Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host  
 Innumerable as the stars of night, 745  
 Or, stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun  
 Impearls on every leaf and every flow'r.  
 Regions they pass'd, and mighty regencies  
 Of Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,  
 In their triple degrees; Regions to which 750  
 All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
 Than what this garden is to all the earth,  
 And all the sea; from one entire globe  
 Stretch'd into longitude, which having pass'd,  
 At length into the limits of the north 755  
 They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
 High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount  
 Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
 From diamond quarries hew'n, and rocks of gold,

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The Palace of great Lucifer; so call  
 That stricture in the dialect of men  
 Interpreted, which not long after he,  
 Affecting all equality with God,  
 In imitation of that mount whereon  
 Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
 The Mountain of the Congregation call'd,  
 For thither he assembled all his train,  
 Pretending so commanded, to consult  
 About the great reception of their King.  
 Thither to come, and with calumnious art  
 Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.

Thrones, Dominations, Prizedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!  
 If these magnific titles yet remain  
 Not merely titular! since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself ingros'd

All pow'r, and us eclips'd under the name  
 Of King anointed; for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight-march, and hurry'd meeting here,  
 This only to consult, how we may best  
 With what may be devis'd of honors new  
 Receive him, coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
 Too much to one, but double how indur'd,  
 To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?

But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?

Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right; or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and sons of Heav'n, possess'd before  
 By none, and if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free: for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals, if in pow'r and splendor less,

In freedom equal? or can introduce

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Law

- Law and edict on us, who whithout law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to th' abuse      800  
 Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
 Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?
- Thus far his bold discourse without controul  
 Had audience; when among the Seraphim.  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd      805  
 The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe,  
 Th' current of his fury thus oppos'd.
- O argument blasphemous, false and proud!  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav'n      810  
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate!  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right indued      815  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heav'n  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due  
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say'st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign.      820  
 One over all with unsucceeded pow'r. —  
 Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute  
 With him the points of liberty, who made  
 Thee what thou art? and form'd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?      825  
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good  
 And of our good, and of our dignity  
 How provident he is; how far from thought  
 To make us lesse; bent rather to exalt  
 Our happy state, under one Head more near      830  
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
 That equal over equals monarch reign:  
 Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
 Or all Angelic nature join'd in one,  
 Equal to him begotten Son? By whom,      835  
 As

As by his Word, the mighty Father made  
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the spirits of Heav'n,  
 By him created in their bright degrees;  
 Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd  
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
 Essential Pow'rs! nor by his reign obscur'd, 141  
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
 One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;  
 His laws our laws, all honor to him done  
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage, 845  
 And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
 Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,  
 While pardon may be found, in time besought,  
 So spake the fervent Angel: but his zeal  
 None seconded, as out of season judg'd, 850  
 Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd  
 Th' apostate, and more haughty thus reply'd.

That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work  
 Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd  
 From Father to his Son? Strange point and new! 855  
 Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd: who saw  
 When this creation was? Remember'st thou  
 Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
 We know no time when we were not as now!  
 Know none before us; self-begot, self-raised 860  
 By our own quick'ning pow'r, when fatal course  
 Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
 Of this our native Heav'n, ethereal sons.  
 Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try 865  
 Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
 Whether by supplication we intend  
 Address, and to begirt th' Almighty throne  
 Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
 These tidings carry to th' anointed King; 870  
 And fly, e're evil intercept thy flight?

He said, and, as the sound of waters deep,  
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause,

Through the infinite host: nor less for that  
 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone                   875  
 Incompas'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurs'd,  
 Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall  
 Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread                   880  
 Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth  
 No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
 Of God's Messiah: those indulgent laws  
 Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees  
 Against thee are gone forth without recall.                   885  
 That golden scepter which thou didst reject,  
 Is now an iron rod, to bruise and break  
 Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise;  
 Yet not for thy advice, or threats I fly  
 These wicked tents devoted; lest the wrath                   890  
 Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
 Distinguish not; for soon expect to feel  
 His thunder on thy head, devouring fire!  
 Then who created thee lamenting learn,  
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.                   895

So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful only he:  
 Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
 Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd,  
 His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;                   900  
 Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
 To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
 Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,  
 Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd  
 Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought:                   905  
 And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd  
 On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

875

## BOOK VI.

All night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd,  
 Thro' Heav'n's wide champain held his way, till morn,  
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand  
 Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave  
 Within the mount of God, fast by his throne, 5  
 Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
 Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes thro' Heav'n  
 Grateful vicissitude, like day and night:  
 Light issues forth, and at the other door  
 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour 10  
 To veil the Heav'n, tho' darkness there might well  
 Seem twilight here: and now went forth the morn,  
 Such as in highest Heav'n, array'd in gold  
 Empyreal; from before her vanish'd night,  
 Shot thro' with orient beams: when all the plain 15  
 Cover'd with thick imbatel'd squadrons bright,  
 Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
 Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
 War he perceiv'd, war in procinct, and found  
 Already known what he for news had thought 20  
 To have reported: gladly then he mix'd  
 Among those friendly Pow'rs, who him receiv'd  
 With joy and acclamations loud, that One,  
 That of so many myriads fall'n, yet One  
 Return'd, not lost. On to the sacred hill 25  
 They led him high applauded, and present  
 Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,  
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.  
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought  
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30  
 Against revolted multitudes the cause  
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms:  
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
 Universal reproach; far worse to bear  
 Than violence: for this was all thy care, 35  
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To stand approv'd in sight of God, tho' worlds  
 Judg'd thee perverse. The easier conquest now  
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,  
 Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue 40  
 By force, whe reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law, and for their king  
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
 And thou in military' prowes next 45  
 Gabriel, lead forth to battel these my sons  
 Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,  
 By thousands and by millions rang'd for fight;  
 Equal in number to that godless crew,  
 Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms 50  
 Fearless assault; and to the brow of Heav'n  
 Persuing, drive them out from God and blis,  
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
 His fiery Chaos to receive their fall. 55

So spake the Sovereign Voice; and clouds began  
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign  
 Of wrath awak'd. Nor with less dread the loud  
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow: 60  
 At which command, the Powers militant  
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty quadrat join'd  
 Of union irresistible, mov'd on  
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound  
 Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd 65  
 Heroic ardor to advent'rous deeds,  
 Under their God-like leaders, in the cause  
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move  
 Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,  
 Nor strait'ning vale, nor wood, nor stream divides 70  
 Their perfect ranks; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread: as when the total kind

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Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
Came summon'd over Eden, to receive 75  
Their names of thee: so, over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a province wide,  
Tenfold the lenght of his terrene. At last,  
Far in th' horizon to the north appear'd,  
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd 80  
In battaillous aspect, and nearer view  
Briskled with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields,  
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,  
The banded Pow'rs of Satan, hasting on 85  
With furious expedition: for they ween'd  
That self-same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the mount of God; and on his throne  
To set the envier of his state, the proud  
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain 90  
In the mid-way. Though strange to us it seem'd  
At first, that Angel should with Angel war,  
And in fierce hoiting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in festivals of joy and love  
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire, 95  
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the shout  
Of battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God,  
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
Idol of majesty divine! inclos'd  
With flaming Cherubim, and golden shields:  
Then, lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now  
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
A dreadful interval! and front to front 105  
Presented stood in terrible array,  
Of hideous length, before the cloudy van,  
Un the rough edge of battel e're it join'd,  
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
Came towring, arm'd in adamant and gold 110:  
Abdiel that fight indur'd not, where he stood

Among

Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds;  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
Should yet remain, where faith and reality      115  
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and might  
There fail where virtue fails; or weakest prove  
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,      120  
I mean to try; whose reason I have try'd  
Unsound and false: nor is it ought but just,  
That he who in debate of truth hath won  
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor: though brutish that contest and foul,      125  
When reason hath to deal with force; yet so  
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers  
Forth-stepping opposit, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
Incens'd, and thus securely him defy'd.      130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd  
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r,  
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain      135  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms:  
Who, out of smallest things, could without end  
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitary hand,  
Reaching beyond all limit at one blow,      140  
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd  
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest  
All are not of thy train; there be wo faith  
Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
To thee not visible, when I alone      145  
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent  
From all: my feet thou seest; now learn too late  
How few sometimes may know, when thousand err.

Whom the grand foe with scornful eye a懃ance

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Thus answer'd. Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour 150  
For my revenge, first sought for thou return'st  
From flight, seditious Angel! to receive  
Thy merited reward, the first assay  
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue  
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose 155  
A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
Their deities to assert, who while they feel  
Vigor divine within them, can allow  
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160  
From me some plume, that thy success may show  
Destruction to the rest; this pause between,  
Unanswer'd lest thou boast, to let thee know,  
At first I thought that liberty and Heav'n,  
To heav'nly souls had been all one; but now 165  
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
Ministring spirits, train'd up in feast and song,  
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heav'n,  
Servility with freedom to contend.  
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove. 170  
To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern reply'd.  
Apollate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
Of Servitude, to serve whom God ordains, 175  
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, 180  
Thyself not free, but to thyself in thrall'd;  
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministring upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell thy kingdom, let me serve  
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his divine  
Beheds obey, worthiest to be obey'd! 185  
Yet chains in Hell, not realms expect: mean while  
From me return'd, as erit thou faulst, from flight,  
This

This greeting on thy impious crest receive.

So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell 190  
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee,  
His massy spear upstay'd; as if on earth 195  
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,  
Half-sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd  
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see  
Thus foil'd their mightieit: ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Prefage of victory and fierce desire 205  
Of battel: whereat Michaël bid sound  
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heav'n  
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
Hosannah to the Highest: nor stood at gaze 210  
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd  
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
And clamor, such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd: dire was the noise 215  
Of conflict! over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming vollies flew;  
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battels main, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage: all Heav'n 220  
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when  
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions: how much more of pow'r  
Army against army, numberless, to raise  
Dreadful combustion warking, and disturb,

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Though not destroy, their happy native seat; also shew'd  
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent,  
From his strong hold of Heav'n, high over-rul'd  
And limited their might: though number'd such,  
As each divided legion might have seem'd 230  
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand  
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd  
Each warrior single as in chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close 235  
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear: each on himself rely'd,  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240  
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread  
That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight; then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale 245  
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious pow'r had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd 250  
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway  
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down  
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield, 255  
A vast circumference: At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toil  
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in Heav'n, th' arch-foe subdu'd  
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown 260  
And visage all inflam'd, first thus began.

Author of evil! unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seem'st

These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed-peace, and into nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now prov'd false! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her confines. Heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence then, and Evil go with thee along,  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain. 280

So spake the Prince of Angels: to whom thus  
The Adversary. Nor think thou with wind  
Of aery threats to awe, whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these  
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquish'd, easier to transfix with me,  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
To chafe me hence? Err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we stile  
The strife of glory; which we mean to win  
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,  
I fly not; but have sought thee far and nigh. 295

Thy ended parle, and both address'd for fight  
Unspeakables; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likèn on earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such height  
Of Godlike pow'r? For likest Gods they seem'd,

Stood

Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
 Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields 265  
 Blaz'd opposit, while expectation stood  
 In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion: such as, to set forth 270  
 Great things by small, if Nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky,  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound: 275  
 Together both, with next t' almighty arm  
 Up-lifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of pow'r at once; nor odds appear'd  
 In might or swift prevention: but the sword 280  
 Of Michael from the armory of God  
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
 The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stay'd, 285  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep entring shard  
 All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Pass'd thro' him: but th' ethereal substance clos'd, 290  
 Not long divisible; and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
 Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armor stain'd, e're while so bright.  
 Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run 295  
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
 Defense; while others bore him on their shields  
 Back to his chariot; where it stood retir'd  
 From off the files of war: there they him laid

Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,<sup>340</sup>  
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
 Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
 His confidence to equal God in pow'r.  
 Yet soon he heald; for spirits that live throughout  
 Vital in every part, not as frail man<sup>345</sup>  
 In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,  
 Cannot but by annihilating die:  
 Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
 Receive, no more than can the fluid air!<sup>350</sup>  
 All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
 All intellect, all sense; and as they please,  
 They limb themselves, and color, shape or size  
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd  
 Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,<sup>355</sup>  
 And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array  
 Of Moloch furious king! who him defy'd,  
 And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound  
 Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n  
 Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon<sup>360</sup>  
 Down cloven to the waste, with shatter'd arms  
 And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
 Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,  
 Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,  
 Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmodai,<sup>365</sup>  
 Two potent thrones! that to be less than Gods  
 Disdain'd: but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,  
 Mangl'd with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.  
 Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy  
 The atheist crew, but with redoubld blow<sup>370</sup>  
 Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
 Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrew. —

I might relate of thousands, and their names  
 Eternize here on earth; but those elect  
 Angels, contented with their fame in Heav'n,<sup>375</sup>  
 Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
 In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,

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Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
 Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memory,  
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380  
 For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
 Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy; yet to glory aspires  
 Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
 Therefore eternal silence be their doom! 385

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
 With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
 Enter'd, and foul disorder: all the ground  
 With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap  
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds: what stood, recoil'd  
 O'er-wearied, thro' the faint Satanic host  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpriz'd.  
 Then first with fear surpriz'd and sense of pain,  
 Fled ignominious: to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints,  
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,  
 Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd:  
 Such high advantages their innocence  
 Gave them above their foes, not to have sinn'd,  
 Not to have disobey'd! in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.

Now night her course began, and over Heav'n 400  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious din of war:  
 Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,  
 Victor and vanquish'd. On the soughten field  
 Michael and his Angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part,  
 Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,  
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest. 415

His

His Potentates to council call'd by night;  
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.

O now in danger try'd, now known in arms  
Not to be overpower'd, Companions dear !  
Found worthy not of liberty alone,

Too mean pretence, but what we more affect,  
Honor, dominion, glory, and rehoun;  
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight,  
And if one day, why not eternal days ?

What Heaven's Lord hath powerfulest to send  
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,

But proves not so ! —— then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now  
Omniscient thought. True't is, less firmly arm'd,

Some disadvantage we indur'd, and pain,  
Till now not known, but known as soon contemn'd;  
Since now we find this our empyreal form  
Incapable of mortal injury,

Imperishable; and though pierc'd with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd,  
Of evil then so small as easy think

The remedy: perhaps more valid arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,

Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them superior, while we can preserve

Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
Nifroch, of Principalities the prime;  
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,  
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake.

Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods ! yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find,

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Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
 Against unpain'd, impassive: from which evil 455  
 Ruin must needs ensue: for what avails  
 Valor or strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with pain.  
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well  
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine, 460  
 But live content, which is the calmest life:  
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
 Of evils, and excessive, overturns  
 All patience. He who therefore can invent  
 With what more forcible we may offend 465  
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.  
 Whereto with look compos'd Satan reply'd.  
 Not uninvented that, which thou aright 470  
 Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.  
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
 Of this ethereous mould, whereon we stand,  
 This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd  
 With plant, fruit, flow'r, ambrosial, gems, and gold;  
 Whose eye so superficially surveys 476  
 These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
 Deep under ground; materials dark and crude,  
 Of spirituous and fiery spume, till touch'd  
 With heaven's ray, and temper'd they shoot forth 480  
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?  
 These, in their dark nativity, the deep  
 Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame:  
 Which into hollow engins, long and round,  
 Thick-ramm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire 485  
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
 From far, with thund'ring noise, among our foes  
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash  
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands  
 Adverse: that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490  
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive,  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd  
Think nothink hard, much less to be despair'd. 495

He ended, and his words their drooping cheer  
Inlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how he  
To be th' inventor mis'd, so easy it seem'd  
Once found, which yet unsound most would have thought  
Impossible. Yet haply of thy race 501  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd  
With dev'lish machination, might devise  
Like instrument, to plague the sons of men 505  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood: innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
Th' originals of nature in their crude  
Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd. 515  
Part, hidden veins digg'd up, nor hath this earth  
Entrails unlike, of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engins and their balls  
Of missive ruin: part, incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unespy'd.

Now when fair morn orient in Heav'n appear'd,  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms 525  
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, resplendent host!  
Soon banded: others from the dawning hills.  
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,  
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Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530  
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
 In motion or in halt; him soon they met  
 Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in flow  
 But firm battalion: back with speediest sail  
 Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing, 535  
 Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cry'd.

Arm, warrior's, arm for fight! the foe at hand,  
 Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
 This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud  
 He comes, and settled in his face I see 540  
 Sad resolution, and secure. Let each  
 His adamantine coad gird well, and each  
 Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,  
 Born ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,  
 If I conjecture ought, no drizling shew'r, 545  
 But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them, aware themselves; and soon  
 In order, quit of all impediment,  
 Instant without disturb they took alarm,  
 And onward mov'd embattel'd: when behold! 550  
 Not distant far with heavy pace the foe  
 Approaching gross and huge; in hollow cube  
 Training his devilish enginry, impal'd  
 On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood 555  
 A while; but suddenly at head appear'd  
 Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;  
 That all may see who hate us, how we seek  
 Peace and composure, and with open breast 560  
 Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
 Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
 But that I doubt: however witness Heav'n!  
 Heav'n witness thou anon! while we discharge  
 Freely our part: ye who appointed stand, 565  
 Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch

What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended; when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retir'd: 570  
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange!  
A triple mounted row of pillars, laid  
On wheels, for like to pillars most they seem'd,  
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak, or fir,  
With branches lop'd, in wood or mountain fell'd, 475  
Bras, iron, stony mold; had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce: at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tip'd with fire; while we suspense 580  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:  
Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent apply'd  
With nicest touch; immediate in a flaine,  
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd, 585  
From those deep-throated engins belch'd, whose roar  
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore; disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail  
Of iron globes, which on the victor host 590  
Level'd, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit, none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as rocks; but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel roll'd;  
The sooner for their arms, unarm'd they might 595  
Have easily as spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove: but now  
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files:  
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse 600  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubt'd, woud render them yet more despis'd,  
And to their foes a laughter: for in view,  
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,

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In posture to displode their second tire 605  
Of thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhor'd. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.

O friends, why come not on these viftors proud?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we, 610  
To entertain them fair with open front,  
And breast, what could we more? propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell.  
As they would dance: yet for a dance they seem'd 615  
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps  
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,  
If our proposals once again where heard,  
We shou'd compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamesome mood: 620  
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;  
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
And stumbled many: who receives them right,  
Had need from head to foot well understand; 625  
Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, highten'd in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory: eternal might 630  
To match with their inventions they presum'd  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood  
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose, 636  
Forthwith, behold the excellence, the pow'r,  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd!  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills,  
For earth hath this variety from Heav'n, 640  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale,  
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;

From

From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,  
 They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,  
 Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops, 645  
 Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
 Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,  
 When coming towards them, so dread they saw  
 The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;  
 Till on those cursed engins triple-row 650  
 They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence  
 Under the weight of mountains buried deep:  
 Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
 Main promontories flung; which in the air  
 Came shadowing, and opprest whole legions arm'd, 655  
 Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd  
 Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan; 660  
 Long strugling underneath, e're they could wind  
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light:  
 Purest at first, now gros by sinning grown.  
 The rest in imitation to like arms  
 Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills up to're, 665  
 So hills amid the air encounter'd hill's.  
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire;  
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade,  
 Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game  
 To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd 670  
 Upon confusion rose. And now all Heav'n  
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,  
 Had not th' almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heav'n secure  
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
 This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd: 675  
 That his gread purpose he might so fulfil,  
 To honor his anointed Son aveng'd  
 Upon his enemies, and to declare  
 All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,  
 Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began, 680  
     Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,

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Son in whose face invisible is beheld . . . . .  
 Visibly, what by deity I am ;  
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
 Second Omnipotence ! two days are past :  
 Two days, as we compute the days of Heav'n, 685  
 Since Michael and his Pow'rs went forth to tame  
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,  
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd :  
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knew'st,  
 Equal in their creation they were form'd, 690  
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought  
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom :  
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
 Endless, and no solution will be found.  
 War wearied hath perform'd what war can do, 695  
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains as with weapons arm'd; which makes  
 Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the main.  
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;  
 For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far 700  
 Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine  
 Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
 Immense I have transfix'd, that all may know  
 In Heav'n and Hell thy pow'r above compare: 705  
 And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,  
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
 Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King  
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Father's might! 710  
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels  
 That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my war,  
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms  
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh.  
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out 715  
 From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter deep:  
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
 God and Messiah his anointed king.

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He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full; he all his Father fully express'd.  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd:  
And thus the filial Godhead answ'ring spake.

O Father, O supreme of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,  
As is most just; this is my glory account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will  
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Scepter and pow'r, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladiet shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,  
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,  
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm;  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire,  
Then shall thy Saints unmix'd, and from th' impure  
Far separate, circling thy holy mount  
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them Chief.

So said, He o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of glory where he sat;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through Heav'n. Forth rush'd with whirlwind  
The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd  
By four Cherubic shapes; four faces each  
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all  
And wings where set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
Of beril, and careering fires between;

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Over their heads a chrystral firmament;  
Where on a saphir throne inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colors of the show'ry arch,  
He in celestial panoply all arm'd 760  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended: at his right hand Victory  
Sate eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow  
And quiver with three bolted thunder stor'd;  
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd 765  
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire:  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came; far off his coming shone,  
And twenty thousand, I their number heard,  
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen. 770  
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
On the crystallin sky, in saphir thron'd,  
Illustrious far and wide: but by his own  
First seen; them unexpected joy surpriz'd,  
When the great ensign of Meliah blaz'd, 775  
Aloft by Angels borne, his sign in Heav'n:  
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd  
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,  
Under their Head imbodyed all in one.  
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd; 780  
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd  
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
Obsequious; Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,  
And with fresh flowrets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd, 785  
And to rebellious fight rallied their Pow'rs,  
Insensate! hope conceiving from despair:  
In heav'ly spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But, to couvince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790  
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the fight  
Took env'; and aspiring to his height,  
Stood reembattel'd fierce, by force or fraud

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Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
Against God and Messiah; or to fall 795  
In universal ruin last: and now  
To final battel drew, disdaining flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

Stand still in bright array, ye Saints, here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from battel rest:  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause:  
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done 800  
Invincibly. But of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs:  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:  
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,  
Nor multitude: stand only and behold 810  
God's indignation on these godless pour'd  
By me; not you, but me they have despis'd,  
Yet envied: against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supreme  
Kingdom and pow'r and glory appertains, 815  
Hath honor'd me according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd:  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battel which the stronger proves; they all,  
Or I alone against them, since by strength 820  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe,

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd  
His count'nance, too severe to be beheld!  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the four spread out their starry wings,  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs 825  
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels

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The stedfast empyrean shook throughout  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arriy'd; in his right hand 835  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd  
Plagues: they astonish'd, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:  
O'er shields, and helms and helmed heads he rode 840  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate;  
That wish'd the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four, 845  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength, 850  
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His thunder in mid voly; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n. 855  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,  
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued  
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds  
And chrystral wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide, 860  
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd  
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous fight  
Struck them with horror backward; but far worse  
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heav'n; eternal wrath 865  
Burn'd after them to the bottomless pit.  
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw  
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled  
Afrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep  
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870

Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout  
Incumber'd him with ruin! Hell at last  
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain. 876  
Disburden'd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd  
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole Victor, from th' expulsion of his foes 880  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright 885  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign: He celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid-heav'n, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd 890  
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

Thus, measuring things in Heav'n by things on earth,  
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd 895  
What might have else to human race been hid;  
The discord which befel, and war in heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Pow'r's, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd  
With Satan, he who envies now thy state, 900  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereav'd of happiness, thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery; which would be all his solace and revenge, 905  
As a despite done against the Most High,  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe:  
But listen not to his temptations; warn

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Thy weaker: let it profit thee to have heard,  
By terrible example, the reward  
Of disobedience: firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell: Remember, and fear to transgres-

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*The End of the Sixth Book.*

## BOOK VII.

Descend from Heav'n, Urania! by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine  
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasus' wing.  
The meaning, not the name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'ly born,  
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,  
Thou with eternal *Wisdom* didst converse,  
*Wisdom* thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'n's I have presum'd,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.  
Thy temp'ring: With like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element:  
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,  
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,  
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible diurnal sphere:  
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice; unchang'd  
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,  
And solitude! Yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly; or when morn

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Purples the east: still govern thou my song. 30  
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers; the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears 35  
 To rapture, 'till the savage clamor drown'd  
 Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddefs, what ensued when Raphaël, 40  
 The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
 Adam, by dire example to beware  
 Apostasy, by what befel in Heav'n  
 To those apostates, lest the like befal  
 In Paradise to Adam or his race, 45  
 Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,  
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command:  
 So easily obey'd, amid the choice  
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
 Though wand'ring. — He with his consorted Eve 50  
 The story heard attentive, and was fill'd  
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
 Of things so high and strange, things to their thought  
 So unimaginable, as hate in Heav'n,  
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss, 55  
 With such confusion: but the evil soon  
 Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
 From whom it sprung; impossible to mix  
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd  
 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now 60  
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
 What nearer might concern him, how this world  
 Of Heav'n and earth conspicuous first began;  
 When, and whereof created, for what cause,  
 What within Eden or without was done 65  
 Before his memory, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd, still eyes the current stream,

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- 30 Whose liquid murmur heard, new thirst exites,  
Proceeded thus to aik his heav'nly guest.  
Great things, and full of wonder in our ears. 70  
Far diff'reng from this world, thou hast reveal'd,  
Divine interpreter! by favor sent  
35 Down from the empyréan, to forewarn  
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
Unknown; which human knowledge could not reach:  
For which to th' infinitely Good we owe 76  
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
40 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
Immutably his sovereign will, the end  
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsf'd 80  
Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd  
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,  
Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
What may no less perhaps avail us known, 85  
How first began this Heav'n, which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd,  
Imbracing round this florid earth; what cause, 90  
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest  
Through all eternity so late to build  
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon  
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
What we, not to explore the secret aik 95  
Of his eternal empire, but the more  
To magnify his works, the more we know.  
And the great light of day yet wants to run  
Much of his race, though steep; suspense in Heav'n,  
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears, 100  
And longer will delay to hear thee tell  
His generation, and the rising birth  
Of nature from the unapparent deep:  
Or if the star of ev'ning, and the moon  
Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring 105  
Silence;

Silence, and sleep, list'ning to thee, will watch;  
Or we can bid his absence, 'till thy song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;  
And thus the Godlike Angel answer'd mild.

This also thy request, with caution ask'd,  
Obtain: though to recount almighty works,  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
Yet what thou can'st attain, which best may serve 115  
To glorify the Maker, and infer  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing: such commission from above  
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire  
Of knowledge within bounds: beyond abstain 120  
To ask, nor let thine own invention hope  
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
Only omniscient, hath suppress'd in night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heav'n:  
Enough is left besides to search and known. 125  
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temperance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind. 130

Know then, that after Lucifer from Heav'n,  
So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of Angels, than that star the stars among,  
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep  
Into his place, and the great Son return'd 135  
Victorious with his Saints, th' omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought  
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid 140  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of deity supreme, us dispossess'd,  
He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud

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Drew many, whom their place knows here no more;  
 Yet far the greater part have kept; I see  
 Their station; Heav'n, yet populous, retains  
 Number sufficient to possess her realms  
 Though wide; and this high temple to frequent  
 With ministeries due and solemn rites.  
 But lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled Heav'n,  
 My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair  
 That detriment, if such it be, to lose  
 Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
 Another world; out of one man a race  
 Of men innumerable, there to dwell  
 Not here: 'till by degrees of merit rais'd  
 They open to themselves at length the way  
 Up hither; under long obedience try'd,  
 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth,  
 One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
 Mean while inhabit lax, ye pow'rs of Heav'n!  
 And thou my Word, begotten Son! by thee  
 This I perform, speak thou, and be it done.  
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
 I send along: ride forth, and bid the deep  
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth:  
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill  
 Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.  
 Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire  
 And put not forth my goodness which is free  
 To act or not; necessity and change  
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.

So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake  
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
 Than time or motion; but to human ears  
 Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told, as earthly notion can receive.  
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n.  
 When such was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will;

Glory they sung to the most High! good will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:  
Glory to him! whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight, 185  
And th' habitations of the just: to him  
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
Good out of evil to create; instead  
Of spirits malign a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse 190  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

So sang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son  
On his great expedition now appear'd,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd  
Of majesty divine: sapience and love 195  
Immense, and all his Father in him thone.  
About his chariot numberless were pour'd  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues: winged spirits, and chariots wing'd  
From th' armory of God, where stand of old 200  
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd  
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,  
Celestial equipage! and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd.  
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide 205  
Her ever during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory in his pow'rful Word,  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild;  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds  
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault  
Heav'n's height, and with the center mix the pole. 215

Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep, peace!  
Said then th' omniscient Word, your discord end: —  
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

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Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ; 220  
 For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train  
 Follow'd in bright procession, to behold  
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand  
 He took the golden compasses, prepar'd 225  
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
 This Universe, and all created things.

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
 Round through the vast profundity obscure; 230  
 And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,  
 This be thy just circumference, o World!

Thus God the heav'n created, thus the earth ;  
 Matter uniform'd and void ! Darkness profound  
 Cover'd th' abyss, but on the watry calm  
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread, 235  
 And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,  
 Adverse to life, then founded, then conglob'd  
 Like things to like; the rest to several place 240  
 Disparted, and between spun out the air;  
 And earth self balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light ! said God; and forthwith light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure  
 Sprung from the deep: and from her native east, 245  
 To journey through the airy gloom began,  
 Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun  
 Was not, she in a cloudy tabernacle  
 Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;  
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere 250  
 Divided : light the day, and darkness night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the celestial quires, when orient light  
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld; 255  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ! with joy and shout  
 The hollow universal orb they fill'd;

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd  
God and his works, Creator him they sung,  
Both when first ev'ning was, and when first morn. 260

Again, God said, let there be firmament  
Amid the waters, and let it divide  
**The waters from the waters!** And God made  
The firmament expanse of liquid, pure, transparent,  
Elemental air, diffus'd 265  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great round partition firm and sure,  
**The waters underneath from those above**,  
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide 270  
Chrystallin ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of Chaos far remov'd; left fierce extremes  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
And Heav'n he nam'd the firmament: so ev'n  
And morning chorus fung the fecond day. 275

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet  
Of waters, embryon immature, involv'd  
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth  
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm  
Prolific humor soft'ning all her globe, 280  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said,  
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry land appear! —  
Immediately the mountains huge appear 285  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky.  
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters: Thither they 290  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,  
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd  
On the swift floods: **Armies at the call**. 295

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Of trumpet, for of armies thou hast heard,  
Troop to their standard; so the wat'ry throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill; 300  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide:  
With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry, 305  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated waters, he call'd seas; 310  
And saw that it was good: and said, let th' earth  
Puth forth the verdant grass, herb yielding feed,  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
Whose feed is in herself upon the earth! —  
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, 'till then 315  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,  
Brought forth the tender graft, whose verdure clad  
Her universal face with pleasant green,  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowr'd  
Op'ning their various colors, and made gay 320  
Her bosom smelling sweet. And these scarce blown,  
Forth florish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept  
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed,  
Embatld in her field; and th' humble shrub,  
And bush, with frizld hair implicit. Last, 325  
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
Their brancheis hung with copious fruit; or gemm'd  
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd;  
With tufts the vallies, and each fountain side,  
With borders long the rivers: that earth now 330  
Seem'd like to Heav'n; a seat where Gods might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground  
None was: but from the earth a dewy mist 335  
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Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in th' earth, 335  
God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew  
On the green stem: God saw that it was good,  
So Ev'n and Morn recorded the third Day.

Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be lights  
High in th' expanse of Heaven, to divide 340  
The day from night: and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years,  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of Heav'n,  
To give light on the earth! —— and it was so. 345  
And God made two great lights, great for their use  
To man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night altern: and made the stars,  
And set them in the firmament of Heav'n,  
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day; 350  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that is was good:  
For of celestial bodies first the Sun  
A mighty sphere! he fram'd; unlightsome first, 355  
Tho' of ethereal mold; then form'd the moon,  
Globose; and ev'ry magnitude of stars;  
And sow'd with stars the Heav'n, thick as a field.  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd 360  
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light:  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light, 365  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns:  
By tincture, or reflection, they augment  
Their small peculiar, though from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
Regent of day; and all th' horizon round

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Invested with bright rays, jocond to run  
 His longitude through Heav'n's high road: the gray  
 Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd;  
 Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon, 375  
 But opposite in level'd west was set  
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
 From him, for other light she needed none.  
 In that aspect: and still that distance keeps  
 'Till night; then in the east her turn she shines, 380  
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great axle, and her reign  
 With thousand lesser lights individual holds,  
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
 Spangling the hemisphere; then first adorn'd  
 With the bright luminaries, that set and rose, 385  
 Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.

And God said, let the waters generate  
 Reptil with spawn abundant, living soul!  
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
 Display'd on th' open firmament of Heav'n! 390  
 And God created the great whales, and each  
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
 The waters generated by their kinds!  
 And every bird of wing after his kind;  
 And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying, 395  
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas  
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
 And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.  
 Forthwith the sounds, and feas, each creek and bay  
 With fry innumerable swarm and shoals 400  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales  
 Glide under the green wave in sculls, that oft  
 Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and thro' groves  
 Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance, 405  
 Shew to the Sun their wav'd coats, dropt with gold;  
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food,  
 In jointed armour watch; on smooth the Seal

And

And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk 410  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gate  
 Tempest the ocean: there Leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills 415  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.  
 Mean while the tepid caves, and fens and shores,  
 Their brood as numerous hatch from th' egg, that soon  
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
 Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge 420  
 They summ'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,  
 With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
 In prospect: there the eagle and the stork,  
 On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build;  
 Part loosly wing the regional part, more wise 425  
 In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,  
 Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
 Their airy caravan, high over seas  
 Flying, and over lands with mutual wing  
 Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane 430  
 Her annual voyage, born on winds; the air  
 Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes.  
 From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings  
 'Till ev'n; nor then, the solemn nightingale 435  
 Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays.  
 Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd  
 Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck  
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
 Her state with oary feet: yet oft they quit 440  
 The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower  
 The mid aerial sky. Others on ground  
 Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
 The silent hours; and th' other, whose gay train  
 Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue 445  
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
 With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,

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Ev'ning and morn solemniz'd the fifth day,  
The sixth, and of creation last arose  
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God said,  
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
Cattel and creeping things, and beast of th' earth  
Each in their kind. — The earth obey'd; and straight  
Op'ning her fertil womb, teen'd at a birth  
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,  
Limb'd and full grown. Out of the ground up rose  
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons  
In forest wild, in thicket, brake or den:  
Among the trees in pairs they rofe, they walk'd;  
The cattel in the fields, and meadows green:  
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.  
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts; then springs as broke from ponds,  
And rampant shakes his prinded mane; the ounce,  
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
Rising, the crumbld earth above them threw  
In hillocs: the switt stag from under ground  
Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
Behemoth, biggeit born of earth, upheav'd  
His vastness: fleec'd the flock, and pleating rose,  
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land  
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.  
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans,  
For wings; and smallest lineaments exact  
In all the liveries deck'd of summers pride,  
With spots of gold, and purple, azure and green:  
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all  
Minims of nature, some of serpent kind,  
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd  
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
The parthenious emmet, provident

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Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty: swarming next, appear'd  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 496  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stor'd. The rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,  
 Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown  
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field, 495  
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now heav'n in all her glory shone, and roll'd  
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand 500  
 First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire  
 Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,  
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flow'n, was swum, was walk'd  
 Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd.  
 There wanted yet the master work, the end 505  
 Of all yet done; a creature, who not prone,  
 And brute as other creatures, but indued  
 With sanctity of reason, might erect  
 His stature, and upright with front serene  
 Govern the rest, self knowing; and from thence 510  
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n;  
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
 Descends: thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
 Directed in devotion, to adore  
 And worship God supreme, who made him chief 515  
 Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent  
 Eternal Father, for where is not he  
 Present? thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man  
 In our similitude, and let them rule 520  
 Over the fish, and fowl of sea and air,  
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,  
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground!

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This said, he form'd thee, Adam; thee O Man!  
Dust of the ground; and in thy nostril's breath'd 525  
The breath of life: in his own image he  
Created thee, in the image of God  
Expres, and thou becam'st a living soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort  
Female, for race: then bles'd mankind, and said, 530  
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold  
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,  
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth,  
Wherever thus created, for no place 535  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,  
He brought thee into this delicious grove,  
This garden; planted with the trees of God;  
Deleitable both to behold and taste:  
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food 540  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' earth yields,  
Variety without end! but of the tree,  
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil.  
Thou may'st not: in the day thou eat'st, thou dy'st:  
Death is the penalty impos'd beware! 545  
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd He, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold! all was entirely good;  
So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day: 550  
Yet not 'till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd;  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'n's, his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created world,  
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd 555  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great idea: Up he rode  
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd.  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air 560  
Resounded, thou remember'st, for thou heardst,

The Heav'n's and all the constellations rung:  
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they fung, 565  
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living doors; let in  
 The great Creator, from his work return'd  
 Magnificent, his six days work, a World!  
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign  
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men, 570  
 Delighted; and with frequent intercourse  
 Thither will send his winged messengers,  
 On errands of supernal grace. So fung  
 The glorious train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led, 575  
 To God's eternal house direct the way;  
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold  
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear  
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way  
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seeft 580  
 Powder'd with stars, And now on earth the seventh  
 Ey'ning arose in Eden, for the sun  
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,  
 Forerunning night; when, at the holy mount  
 Of Heav'n's high-seated top, th' imperial throne 585  
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,  
 The filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him dow'n  
 With his great Father: for he also went  
 Invisible, yet staid, such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence, and the work ordain'd, 590  
 Author and end of all things; and from work  
 Now resting, bles'd and hallow'd the sev'nth day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work:  
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp  
 Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe, 595  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string, or golden wire,  
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice  
 Choral, or unison: of incense clouds,

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Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount; 600  
 Creation, and the six days acts, they fung.

Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite  
 Thy pow'r! what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
 Relate thee? Greater now in thy return  
 Than from the giant Angels: Thee that day 605  
 Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create  
 Is greater, than created to destroy.

Who can impair thee, mighty King! or bound  
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt  
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610  
 Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves  
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil 615  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.

Witness this new-made world, another Heav'n!  
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620  
 Numerous, and ev'ry star perhaps a world  
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st  
 Their seasons: among these the seat of men,  
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd.

Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men! 625  
 And sons of men! whom God hath thus advanc'd.  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him; and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air;  
 And multiply a race of worshippers 630  
 Holy and just: thrice happy if they know  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright!

So fung they, and the empyrean rung  
 With hallelujahs: Thus was Sabbath kept,  
 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that alld 635  
 How first this world and fgece of things began,  
 And what before thy memory was done

From the beginning, that posterity  
Inform'd by thee might know. If else thou seek'st  
Ought, not surpassing human measure, say. 640

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

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B O O K V I I I.

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear:  
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.

What thanks sufficient, or what recompense 5  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian? who thus largely hast allay'd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things, else by me unsearchable; now heard 10  
With wonder, but delight; and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator. Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.  
When I behold this goodly frame, this world 15  
Of Heav'n and earth consisting; and compute  
Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the firmament compar'd,  
And all her number'd stars; that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible, for such 20  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal, merely to officiate light  
Round this opacious earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all their vast survey  
Useless besides: reasoning I oft admire, 25  
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit  
Such disproportions; with superfluous hand,  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,  
For ought appears, and on their orbs impose 30

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Such restless revolution day by day  
 Repeated, while the sedentary earth,  
 That better might with far less compass move,  
 Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains  
 Her end without least motion; and receives, 35  
 As tribute, such a sunless journey brought  
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;  
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nce seem'd  
 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve 40  
 Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in flight,  
 With lowness majestic from her seat,  
 And grace, that won who saw to wish her stay;  
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flow'rs,  
 To visit how they prosper'd, but and bloom, 45  
 Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,  
 And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew,  
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
 Delighted, or not capable her ear  
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd, 50  
 Adam relating, she sole auditress:  
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd  
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
 Chose rather: he, she knew, would intermix  
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute 55  
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip  
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?  
 With Goddes-like demeanour forth she went;  
 Not unattended! for on her, as Queen, 60  
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
 And from about her shot darts of desire  
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
 And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,  
 Benevolent and facil thus reply'd. 65

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
 Is as the book of God before thee set,  
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn

His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:  
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70  
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest  
 From man or angel, the great Architect  
 Did wisely to conceal; and not divulge  
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought.  
 Rather admite. Or, if they list to try 75  
 Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heav'ns  
 Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move  
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
 Hereafter; when they come to model Heav'n,  
 And calculate the stars, how they will wield 80  
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
 To save appearances; how gird the sphere  
 With centric and eccentric scribl'd o'er,  
 Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.  
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess; 85  
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest,  
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
 The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,  
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
 The benefit. Consider first, that great 90  
 Or bright infers not excellence: the earth  
 Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
 Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
 More plenty than the Sun, that barren shines;  
 Whose virtue on itself works no effect, 95  
 But in the fruitful earth: there first receiv'd  
 His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.  
 Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries  
 Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.  
 And for the Heav'n's wide circuit, let it speak 100  
 The Maker's high magnificence; who built  
 So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far;  
 That man may know he dwells not in his own;  
 An edifice too large for him to fill,  
 Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest 105  
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.

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The swiftness of those circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Spred all most spiritual: me thou think'st not slow, 110  
Who since the morning hour set out from Heav'n,  
Where God resides; and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In Eden: distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name! but this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the Heav'n's; to shew 115  
Invalid, that which thee to doubt it mov'd:  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.  
God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
Plac'd heav'n from earth so far, that earthly sight, 120  
If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
Be center to the world; and other stars  
By his attractive virtue, and their own,  
Incited, dance about him various rounds? 125  
Their wand'ring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest: and what if sev'nth to these  
The planet earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move? 130  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the sun his labor, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel 135  
Of day and night: which needs not thy belief,  
If earth industrious of herself, fetch day  
Travelling east; and with her part averse  
From the sun's beam meet night; her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140  
Sent from her through the wide transpicous air,  
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,  
Inlightning her by day, as she by night  
This earth, reciprocal? if land be there,

Fields and inhabitants : her spots thou seest      145  
 As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
 Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat  
 Allotted there: and other Suns perhaps  
 With their attendant moons thou wilt descry,  
 Communicating male and female light,      150  
 Which two great sexes animate the world,  
 Stor'd in each orb, perhaps, with some that live.  
 For such vast room in nature unpossess'd  
 By living foul, desert and desolate,  
 Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute      155  
 Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far  
 Down to this habitable, which returns  
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,  
 Whether the sun, predominant in heav'n,      160  
 Rise on the earth, or earth rise on the sun;  
 He, from the east his flaming road begin;  
 Or she, from west her silent course advance,  
 With inoffensive pace, that spinning sleeps  
 On her soft axle, while she paces ev'n,      165  
 And bears thee soft with the smooth air along,  
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
 Leave them to God above, him serve and fear.  
 Of other creatures, as him pleases best,  
 Where-ever plac'd, let him dispose: joy thou      170  
 In what he gives to thee, this paradise  
 And thy fair Eve: Heav'n is for thee too high  
 To know what passes there: be lowly wise:  
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being;  
 Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there      175  
 Live, in what state, condition or degree;  
 Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,  
 Not of earth only, but of highest Heav'n.  
 To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd.  
 How fully hast thou satisfy'd me, pure      180  
 Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene!  
 And freed from intricacies taught to live,

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145 The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts  
 To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
 God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares, 185  
 And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
 Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.  
 150 But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
 Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end:  
 'Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn, 190  
 That not to know at large of things remote  
 From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life,  
 Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,  
 155 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence; 195  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
 Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
 160 By suff'rance, and thy wonted favor deign'd,  
 Thee I have heard relating what was done  
 Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate  
 My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard: 205  
 And day is yet not spent, 'till then thou seest  
 How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
 Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:  
 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
 165 And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
 Than fruits of Palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
 And hunger both, from labor, at the hour  
 Of sweet repast: they satiate, and soon fill  
 Tho' pleasant; but thy words with grace divine  
 170 Imbued, bring to their sweeteness no satiety.  
 175 Tho whom thus Raphael answer'd heav'nly meek.  
 Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men!  
 Nor tongue inelegant: for God on thee  
 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd, 210  
 180

Inward and outward beth, his image fair:  
 Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
 Attents thee, and each word, each motion, forms;  
 Nor less think we in Heav'n of thee on Earth,  
 Than of our fellow-servant; and inquire 225  
 Gladly into the ways of God with Man:  
 For God we see hath honor'd thee, and set  
 On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;  
 For I that day was absent, as betwix  
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230  
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell,  
 Squar'd in full legion, such command we had,  
 To see that none thence issud forth a spy,  
 Or enemy, while God was in his work,  
 Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold, 235  
 Destruction with creation might have mix'd.  
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt;  
 But us he sends upon his high behests  
 For state, as Sov'reign King; and to inure  
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut, 240  
 The dismal gates, and parricado'd strong!  
 But long e're our approaching heard within  
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song!  
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
 Glad we return'd up to the coast of light 245  
 Ere Sabbath ev'ning: so we had in charge.  
 But thy relation now! for I attend.  
 Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine.  
 So spake the Godlike Pow'r, and thus our fire.  
 For Man to tell how human life began 250  
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
 Desire with thee still longer to converse  
 Induc'd me. — As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun 255  
 Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
 Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky; 'till rais'd

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By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
 As thitherward indeavoring, and upright 260  
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods; and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmur'ring streams: by these, 265  
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;  
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd:  
 With fragrance, and with joy, my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigor led.  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270  
 Knew not: to speak I try'd, and forthwith spake;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light!  
 And thou inlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay!  
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods and plains! 275  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
 Not of myself —— By some great Maker then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r praeminent.  
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
 This happy light; when answer none return'd, 285  
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs  
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
 My drowsed sense, untroubl'd, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state 290  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy, to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine, 295  
 And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,

"First

"First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 "First Father! call'd by thee I come thy guide  
 "To the garden o' bliss, thy seat prepar'd"  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd; 300  
 And over fields and waters, as in air,  
 Smood sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
 A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks, and bow'r's; that what I saw 305  
 Of earth before scarce pleasent seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat; wreath I wak'd, and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not he, who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine! rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell 315  
 Submis: he rear'd me, and "whom thou sought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest  
 "Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
 "This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
 "To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat: 320  
 "Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 "Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth;  
 "But of the tree whose operation brings  
 "Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 "The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith, 325  
 "Amid the garden by the tree of Life,  
 "Remember what I warn thee! shun to taste,  
 "And shun the bitter consequence; for know,  
 "The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 "Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt dye; 330  
 "From that day mortal: and this happy state  
 "Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 "Of woe and sorrow." — Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds

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- Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice      335  
 Not to incur: but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth  
 "To thee and to thy race I give; as Lords  
 "Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 "Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl;  
 "In sign whereof, each bird, and beast, behold  
 "After their kinds: I bring them to receive  
 "From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 "With low subjection: understand the same      345  
 "Of fish within their watry residence,  
 "Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 "Their element to draw the thinner air,"  
 As thus her spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching, two and two; these, cowring low      350  
 With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge God indu'd  
 My sudden apprehension! but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still;      355  
 And to the heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.  
 O by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or ought than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming, how may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe.      360  
 And all this good to man? For whose well-being  
 So amply, and with hand so liberal  
 Thou hast provided all things. But with me  
 I see not who partakes: in solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone?      365  
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
 Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.  
 What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air      370  
 Replenish'd, and all these at they command  
 To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
 Yet      Their

Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly: with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule? thy realm is large. 375

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly Pow'r,  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak! 380  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due 385  
Giv'n and receiv'd: but in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tediouſ alike. Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to participate 390  
All rational delight; wherein the brute  
Cannot be human confort: they rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lionesſ;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:  
Much leſs can bird with beast, or fish with fowl 395  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:  
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
A nice and subtle happiness I fee  
Thou to thyself propofest, in the choice 400  
Of thy associates, Adam; and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.  
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſteſt  
Of happiness or not, who am alone 405  
From all eternity? for none I know  
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.  
How have I then with whom to hold conveſe,  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior, infinite deſcents 410

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Beneath what other creatures are to thee?  
 He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attain  
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways,  
 All human thoughts come short. Supreme of things!

Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee 415

Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,  
 But in degree; the cause of his desire,  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defect. No need that thou  
 Should'st propagate, already Infinite;

And through all numbers absolute, though one. 420

But Man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection; and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiply'd:

In unity defective, which requires 425  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.—

Thou in thy secrecy although alone,  
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication: yet, so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy creature, to what height thou wilt 430  
 Of union or communion, deify'd:  
 I by conversing cannot thesee erect

From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I imbolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd 435  
 This answer from the gracious voice divine.

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;  
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself:  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440  
 My image, not imparted to the brute:  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,  
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;  
 And be so minded still. I, e're thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone; 445  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee; for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet,

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What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,                  450  
Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.  
He ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to th' height  
In that celestial colloquy sublime,                  455  
As with an obj'ct that excels the sense,  
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell                  460  
Of fancy, my internal sight: by which,  
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood:  
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took                  465  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh till'd up and heal'd.  
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:  
Under his forming hands a creature grew                  470  
Man-like, but different sex: so lovely fair!  
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd  
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:                  475  
And into all things from her air inspir'd  
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.  
She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her los's, and other pleasures all abjure.                  480  
When out of hope, behold her! not far off;  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow,  
To make her amiable: On she came,  
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,                  485  
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd

430 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

435 This turn hath made amends; Thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!  
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself 495  
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man  
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego  
Father and mother, and t' his wife adhere;  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

440 She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought, 500  
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,  
The more desirable: or, to say all, 505  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
I follow'd her; she what was honor knew,  
And with obsequious majesty approv'd,  
My pleaded reason. — To the nuptial bow'r 510  
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heav'n,  
And happy constellations, on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence: the earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill:  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales, and gentle airs 515  
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star  
On this hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

445 520  
450 Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,  
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,      525  
 Nor vehement desire; these delicacies  
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flow'rs,  
 Walks, and the melody of birds: but here  
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
 Transported touch: here passion first I felt,      530  
 Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else  
 Superior, and unmov'd; here only weak,  
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
 Or Nature fail'd in me, and left some part  
 Not proof enough such object to sustain;      535  
 Or from my side subduing, took perhaps  
 More than enough: at least, on her bestow'd  
 Too much of ornament; in outward show  
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
 For well I understand in the prime end      540  
 Of Nature, her th' inferior, in the mind  
 And inward faculties, which most excel:  
 In outward also her resembling less  
 His image who made both; and less expressing  
 The character of that dominion giv'n      545  
 O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach  
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
 And in herself complete, so well to know  
 Her own; that what she wills to do or say,  
 Seems wisest, virtuous'est, discretest, best:      550  
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
 Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her  
 Loses discontenanc'd, and like folly shews;  
 Authority and reason on her wait,  
 As one intended first, not after made      555  
 Occasionally: and, to consummate all,  
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
 About her, as a guard Angelic plac'd.  
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow.      560  
 Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;  
 Do thou but thine, and be not diffident

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Of wisdom: she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh; 525  
By attributing over-much to things  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st. 535  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?  
An outside? fair no doubt; and worthy well,  
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love;  
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself; 545  
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,  
Well manag'd: of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head, 555  
And to realities yield all her shows:  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more; 565  
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love  
Thy mate, who sees, when thou art seen least wife.  
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
Is propagated, seem such dear delight 575  
Beyond all other; think the same vouchsa'f'd  
To cattel, and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common, and divulg'd, if ought  
Therewith enjoy'd were worthy to subdue  
The soul of man, or passion in him move. 585

What higher in her society thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still:  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not;  
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat 595  
In reason, and is judicious: is the scale  
By which to heav'ly love thou may'st ascend;  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam reply'd. 595  
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor ought  
Inprocreation common to all kinds,  
Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem,  
So much delights me, as those graceful acts. 605

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Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mix'd with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair; 605  
More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear.  
Yet these subject not I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd;  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing; yet still free, 610  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me hot; for love thou say'st  
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask: of whom  
Love not the heav'ly spirits? And how their love 615  
Express they? By looks only? Or do they miss  
Irradiance, virtue, or immediate touch?  
To whom the Angel, with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosy-red, love's proper hue,  
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st 620  
Us happy, and without love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in thy body enjoy'st,  
And pure thou wert created, we enjoy  
In eminence: and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars: 625  
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,  
Total they mix; union of pure with pure  
Desiring: nor restrain'd conveyance need,  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more: the parting sun 630  
Beyond the earth's green cape, and verdant isles,  
Hespérian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love! But, first of all,  
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command: take heed lest passion sway 635  
Thy judgment to do ought, which else free will  
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,  
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!

I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the blest. Stand fast to stand or fall. **640**  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies;  
Perfect within, no outward aid require  
And all temptation to transgress repel.

So saying, he arose: whom Adam thus  
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part, **645**  
Go heav'nly guest, ethereal messenger,  
Sent from whole sov'reign goodness I adore!  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever  
With grateful memory; thou to mankind, **650**  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!

So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bow'r.

*The End of the Eighth Book*

**B O O K IX.**  
No more of talk where God or Angel guest  
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblam'd. I now must change  
Those notes to tragic! Foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt,  
And disobedience; on the part of Heav'n,  
Now alienated! distance, and distaste,  
Anger, and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n  
That brought into this world a world of woe. **655**  
Sin, and her shadow Death, and Misery,  
Death's harbinger. Sad talk! yet argument  
Not less, but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage  
Of Turnus for Laynia disespous'd, **660**  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long

Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's Son;  
 If answerable stile I can obtain 25  
 Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,  
 And dictates to me slumb'ring; or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse:  
 Since first this subject for Heroic song 25  
 Pleas'd me, long chusing, and begining late;  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deem'd; chief mast'ry to dissect  
 With long and tedious havock fabled Knights 30  
 In battels feign'd: the better fortitude  
 Of patience, and Heroic Martyrdom,  
 Unsung; or to describe Races, and Games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons, and steeds; 35  
 Bales, and tinsel trappings, gorgeous Knights  
 At joust and tourneyments; then marshal'd feast  
 Serv'd up in hall with fewers, and seneschals:  
 The skill of artifice, or office, mean;  
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name 40  
 To person, or to poem. Me of these  
 Nor skill'd, nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains; sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years damp my intended wing 45  
 Depress'd: and much they may, if all be mine,  
 Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.  
 The Sun was sunk, and after him the star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring 50  
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter  
 Twixt day and night, and now, from end to end,  
 Night's hemisphere had veild th' horizon round:  
 When Satan who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improvd 55  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap.

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Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight return'd  
 From compassing the earth; cautious of day,  
 Since Uriel, regent of the Sun, describ'd  
 His entrance, and forewarn'd the Cherubim.  
 That kept their watch: thence full of anguish driv'n,  
 The space of sev'n continu'd nights he rode  
 With darkness; thrice the equinoctial Line  
 He circled; four times cross'd the car of Night  
 From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure;  
 On th' eighth return'd, and on the coast averse.  
 From entrance, or Cherubic watch, by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,  
 Now not, tho'lin, not time, first wrought the change,  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulph shot under ground, 'till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life,  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose  
 Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought  
 Where to lie hid: sea he had search'd, and land,  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the pool  
 Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob:  
 Downward as far antarctic: and in length  
 West from Orontes, to the ocean barr'd  
 At Darien: thence, to the land where flows  
 Ganges, and Indus. Thus the orb he roam'd  
 With narrow search; and with inspection deep  
 Consider'd every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found  
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide  
 From sharpest sight: for in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety.  
 Proceeding; which in other beasts observ'd

Doubt might beget of diabolic pow'r  
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.  
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief  
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.

O Earth, how like to Heav'n! if not preferr'd  
More justly, seath worthier of Gods, as built<sup>100</sup>  
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!  
For what God after better worse would built<sup>105</sup>  
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc'd round by other Heav'ns  
That shine, yet bear their bright effious lamps,  
Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,<sup>110</sup>  
In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
Of sacred influence! As God in Heav'n  
Is center, yet extends to all; so thou  
Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,  
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears<sup>115</sup>  
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
Of creatures animate with gradual life,  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man:  
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,  
If I could joy in ought: sweet interchange<sup>120</sup>  
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains!  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,  
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these  
Find place or refuge: and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel<sup>125</sup>  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries: all good to me becomes  
Bane; and in Heav'n much worse would be my state;  
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n  
To dwell, unless by mast'ring Heav'n's Supreme:<sup>130</sup>  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such<sup>135</sup>  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound.  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroy'd,  
Or won to what may work his utter loss;  
For whom all this was made; all this will seen<sup>140</sup>

Fol-

95

Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe; I listed oft  
 In woe then! that destruction wide may range,  
 To me shall be the glory sole among all 135  
 Th' infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd  
 What he Almighty styl'd, six nights and days  
 Continu'd making; and who knows how long  
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed  
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
 Th' Angelic name, and thinner left the throng  
 Of his adorers. He, to be aveng'd,  
 And to repair his numbers thus impair'd;  
 Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd  
 More Angels to create, if they at least  
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,  
 Determin'd to advance into our room  
 A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,  
 Exalted from so base original!  
 With heav'nly spoils; our spoils. What he decreed,  
 He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,  
 Him Lord pronounc'd; and, o indignity!  
 Subjected to his service Angel wings.  
 And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
 Their earthly charge. Of these the vigilance  
 I dread, and to elude, thus wrap'd in mist  
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry  
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find  
 The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds  
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
 O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd  
 Into a beast; and mix'd with bestial slime,  
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
 That to the height of Deity aspir'd!  
 But, what will not ambition, and revenge,  
 Descend to? who aspires, must down as low,  
 As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,

To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils:  
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd!  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favorite 175  
Of Heav'n, this man of clay, son of despite,  
Whom, us the more to spite, his maker rais'd  
From dust, spite then with spite is best repaid.

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on 180  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd;  
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid shade, or dismal den, 185  
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,  
Fearless unfear'd he slept. In at his mouth  
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,  
In heart, or head, possessing, soon inspir'd  
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190  
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of morn.

Now when as sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flow'rs, that breath'd  
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,  
From th'earth's great altar send up silent praise 195  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice: that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs: 200  
Then commune, how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work, for much their work outgrew  
The hands dispatch of two, gard'ning so wide,  
And Eve first to her husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labor still to dress 205  
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flow'r,  
Our pleasant task injoin'd; but 'till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labor grows

Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210  
One night or two with wanton growth derides  
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,  
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present:  
Let us divide our labors: thou, where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind 215  
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb: while I,  
In yonder spring of roses, intermix'd  
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon.  
For while so near each other thus all day 220  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new  
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits  
Our day's-work, brought to little, though begun  
Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd. 225

To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.  
Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare, above all living creatures dear!  
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,  
How we might best fulfil the work, which here 230  
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shalt pass  
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd 235

Labor, as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles, for smiles from reason flow,  
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food; 240

Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight  
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.  
These paths and bow'r doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide 245

As we need walk; till younger hands ere long

After

Affist us. But, if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But, other doubt possesses me; least harm  
 Befall thee sever'd from me: for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe  
 Envying our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame.  
 By fly assault: and somewhere nigh at hand  
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
 His wish, and best advantag, us aunder;  
 Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need;  
 Whether his first design be to withdraw  
 Our fealty from God; or to disturb  
 Conjugal love; than which perhaps no bliss  
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more:  
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
 That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
 The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,  
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
 Who guards her, or with her the worst indures.

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,  
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.  
 Offspring of Heav'n and earth, and all earth's Lord!  
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,  
 And from the parting Angel over-heard,  
 As in a shady nook I stood behind.  
 Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning flow'rs,  
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
 To God or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.  
 His violence thou fear'st not, being such  
 As we, not capable of death, or pain,  
 Can either not receive, or can repel.

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His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers 285  
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith, and love,  
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd,  
 Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,  
 Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words Adam reply'd. 290  
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve! 10  
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:  
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid 20  
 Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe. 295  
 For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges  
 The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd  
 Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
 Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn  
 And anger would'st resent the offer'd wrong, of 300  
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,  
 If such affront I labor to avert. From thee alone,  
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare 305  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn:  
 Subtile he needs must be, who could seduce  
 Angels: nor think superfluous other's aid. 310  
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
 Access in every virtue; in thy sight  
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
 Of outward strength, while shame, thou looking on,  
 Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,  
 Would utwost vigor raise, and rais'd unite. 315  
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
 When I am present, and the tryal chuse  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue try'd?

So spake domestic Adam in his care,  
 And matrimonial love: but Eve, who thought  
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
 Thus her reply, with accent sweet renew'd. 320  
 If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
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In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not indued  
Single with like defence, where ever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity; his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd  
By us? who rather double honor gain  
From his surmise prov'd false, find peace within,  
Favor from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.  
And what is faith, love, virtue unassay'd  
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?  
Let us not then suspect our happy state  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,  
As not secure to single, or combin'd:  
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
And Eden were no Eden thus expos'd.

To whom thus Adam fervently reply'd,  
O woman! best are all things as the will  
Of God ordain'd them: His creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
Of all that he created; much less man,  
Or ought that might his happy state secure:  
Secure from outward force; within himself  
The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r.  
Against his will he can receive no harm.  
But God left free the will; for what obeys  
Reason, is free; and reason he made right:  
But bid her well beware, and still erect,  
Lest by some fair appearing good surpris'd,  
She dictate false, and misinform the will  
To do what God expresly hath forbid.  
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,  
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.  
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
Since reason not impossible may meet.

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Some specious object, by the foe suborn'd;  
And fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.  
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid  
Were better; and most likely, if from me 365  
Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.  
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve  
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,  
Not seeing thee attempted? who attest?  
But if thou think, trial unsought may find 370  
Us both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st —  
Go b for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;  
Go in thy native innocence! rely  
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all:  
For God tow'rds thee hath done his part, do thine, 375

So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve  
Perfested, yet submis, though last, reply'd.  
With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd,  
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
Touch'd only; that our tryal, when least sought, 380  
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,  
The willinger I go: nor much expect  
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.

Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand 385  
Soft she withdrew; and like a Wood-Nymph light  
Oread, or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
Betook her to the groves: but Delia's self  
In gait surpass'd, and Goddess-like deport;  
Though not, as she, with bow and quiver arm'd; 390  
But with such gard'ning tools as art, yet rude,  
Guiltless of fire had form'd, or Angels brought  
To Pales, or Pomona thus adorn'd,  
Likeliest she seem'd, Pomona, when she fled  
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime, 395  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
Her long with ardent look his eye perfu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay,

oft.

Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r;  
And all things in best order, to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
O much deceiv'd, much failling, hapless Eve!  
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose!  
Such ambush, laid among sweet flow'rs, and shades,  
Waited with hellish rancor imminent  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back  
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss! —  
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind; but in them  
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.  
In bow'r and field he sought, where any tust  
Of grove, or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance or plantation for delight,  
By fountain, or by shady rivulet.  
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find  
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanc'd: when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half-spy'd, so thick the roses blushing round  
About her glow'd; half-stooping to support  
Each flow'r of slender stalk, whose head though gay  
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,  
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays  
Gently with myrtle-band; mindless the while  
Herself, though fairest, unsupported flow'r,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh!  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travers'd  
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine or palm;  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,

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Among thick-woven arborets and flow'rs  
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd  
Or of reviv'd Adonis: or renown'd 440  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;  
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admir'd, the person more:  
As one who long in populous city pent, 445  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages, and farms  
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;  
If chance, with Nymphlike step, fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more;  
She most, and in her look sums all delight;  
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold 455  
This flow'ry plat, the sweet recess Eve  
Thus early, thus alone: her heav'nly form  
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture or least action overaw'd 460  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
That space the Evil-one abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd  
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd, 465  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge;  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight;  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd: then soon 470  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget

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What

What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying; other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles; behold alone 480  
 The woman, opportune to all attempts!  
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mold, 485  
 Foe not formidable! exempt from wound;  
 I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain  
 Infeebled me, to what I was in Heav'n!  
 She fair, divinely fair! fit love for Gods;  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love 490  
 And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate;  
 Hate, stronger under shew of love well feign'd;  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.

So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd  
 In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve 495  
 Address'd his way: not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze! His head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; 500  
 With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erext  
 Amidst his circling spires, that on the graft  
 Fleated redundant: pleasing was his shape,  
 And lovely! Never since of serpent-kind  
 Lovelier; not those that in Illyria chang'd 505  
 Hermione and Cadmus; or the God  
 In Epidaurus: nor to which transform'd  
 Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;  
 He, with Olympias; this with her who bore  
 Scipio the height of Rome. With tract oblique 510  
 At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd  
 To interrupt, side-long he works his way;

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As when a ship, by skilfull steers-man wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail: 515

So varied he, and of his tortous train  
 Curl'd many a wanton wreath, in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye: she busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd  
 To such disport before her trough the field, 520  
 From every beast; more duteous at her call,  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.  
 He bolder now, uncall'd before her stood;  
 But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd  
 His turret crest; and sleek enamel'd neck, 525  
 Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.  
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length  
 The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad  
 Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue  
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530  
 His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, sov'reign Mistress! if perhaps  
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder; much less arm  
 Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,  
 Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze 535  
 Infatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair!  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540  
 With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,  
 Where universally admir'd: but here  
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among.  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except, 545  
 Who sees thee, and what is one! who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train.

So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way, 550

Though at the voice much marvelling : at length,  
Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake.

What may this mean ? Language of man pronounc'd  
By tongue of brute, and human sense expres'd ?

The first, at least, of these I thought deny'd      555  
To beasts ; whom God, on their creation-day,  
Created mute to all articulate sound :

The latter I demur ; for in their look,  
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field      560  
I knew, but not with human voice indued.  
Redouble then this miracle, and say,  
How cam'st thou speakable of mute ; and how  
To me so friendly grown above the rest  
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight ?      565  
Say ! for such wonder claims attention due.

To whom the guileful tempter thus reply'd :  
Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve !  
Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be obey'd.  
I was at first as other beasts that grace  
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
As was my food ! nor ought but food discern'd  
Or fex ; and apprehended nothing high,  
Till on an day roving the field , I chanc'd      775  
A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,  
Ruddy and gold : I nearer drew to gaze ;  
When from the boughs a savoury odor blown,  
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense      580  
Than smell of sweetest fenel, or the teats  
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at ev'n,  
Unsuck'd of lamb, or kid, that tend their play.  
To satisfy the sharp definre I had  
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd      585  
Not to defer : hunger and thirst at once,  
Pow'rful persuaders ! quicken'd at the scent  
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.

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About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
 For high from ground, the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: Round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and eying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill      595  
 I spar'd not; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed, or fountain, never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of reason in my inward pow'r's; and speech      600  
 Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high, or deep,  
 I turn'd my thoughts; and with capacious mind  
 Consider'd all things visible in heav'n,  
 Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good!      605  
 But all that fair and good, in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heav'nly ray  
 United I beheld: no fair to thine  
 Equivalent, or second! which compell'd  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come      610  
 And gaze, and worship thee, of right declar'd  
 Sov'reign of creatures, universal dame!  
 So talk'd the spritely fly snake: and Eve,  
 Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.  
 Serpent! thy overpraising leaves in doubt      615  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd.  
 But say, where grows the tree, from hence how far?  
 For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us, in such abundance lies our choice.      620  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd:  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden nature of her birth.  
 To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad;      625  
 Empress! the way is ready, and not long,

Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past  
Of blowing myrrh, and balm: if thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon. 360

Lead then, said Eve. He leading swiftly roll'd  
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait.  
To mischief swift: hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest: as when a wand'ring fire,  
Compact of unfluous vapor, which the night 635  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way 640  
To bogs and mires, and of thro' pond or pool,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far:  
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree  
Of prohibition, root of all our woe: 645  
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess:  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;  
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects! 650  
But of this tree we may not taste, nor touch,  
God so commanded; and lest that command  
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves, our reason is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd: 655  
Indeed! Had God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Ye Lords declar'd of all in earth, or air?

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the Garden we may eat;  
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die. 660

She scarce had said, tho' brief, when now more bold  
The

The tempter, but with shew of zeal and love 665  
 To man, and indignation at his wrong,  
 New part puts on; and as to passion mov'd,  
 Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely, and in act  
 Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.  
 As when of old some Orator renown'd, 670  
 In Athens, or free Rome, where eloquence  
 Florish'd, since mute! to some great cause addres'd,  
 Stood in himself collected; while each part,  
 Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue;  
 Sometimes in height began, as no delay 675  
 Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right;  
 So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,  
 The tempter all impassion'd thus began.

O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant, 680  
 Mother of science! now I feel thy pow'r  
 Within me clear, not only do discern  
 Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
 Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.  
 Queen of this universe! do not believe 685  
 Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:  
 How should ye? by the fruit? it gives you life  
 To knowledge: by the threatner? look on me,  
 Me! who have touch'd, and tasted; yet both live,  
 And life more perfect have attain'd than fate  
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot. 690  
 Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast  
 Is open? Or will God incense his ire  
 For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
 Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
 Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be. 695  
 Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead  
 To happier life, knowledge of good and evil?  
 Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil  
 Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?  
 God therefore cannot hurt you, and be just: 700  
 Not just, nor God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:  
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.

Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;  
 Why, but to keep you low and ignorant,  
 His worshippers: He knows that in the day 705  
 You eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,  
 Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
 Open'd and clear'd: and ye shall be as Gods,  
 Knowing both Good and Evil, as they know.  
 That ye shall be as Gods, since I as Man, 710  
 Internal Man, is but proportion meet:  
 I of brute, human, ye of human, Gods,  
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
 Human, to put on Gods; death to he wish'd,  
 Tho' threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring. 715  
 And what are Gods, that man may not become  
 As they, participating God-like food?  
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds:  
 I question it, for this fair earth I see, 720  
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;  
 Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd  
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this tree,  
 That who so eats thereof, forthwith attains  
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies 725  
 Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know?  
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
 Impart against his will, if all be his?  
 Or is it envy, and can envy dwell  
 In heav'nly breasts? These, these, and many more  
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit:  
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste!  
 He ended, and his words, replete with guile, 730  
 Into her heart too easy entrance won:  
 Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold 735  
 Might tempt alone: and in her ears the sound  
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, pregnan'd  
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth:  
 Mean while the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd  
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell 740

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So favoury of that fruit; which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch, or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye: yet first  
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mus'd.

Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits! 475  
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd,  
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:  
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use, 750  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree  
Of knowledge; knowledge booth of good and evil:  
Forbids us then to taste: but his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want: 755  
For good unknown, sure is not had; or had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?  
Such prohibitions bind not. — But if death 760  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, whe shall die. —  
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives.  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns;  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us deny'd  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?  
For beasts it seemis: yet that one beast which first  
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy 770  
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I then, rather what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of god or death, of law or penalty? 775  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine!  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise: What hinders then

To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour 780  
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:  
 Earth felt the wound; and Nature from her seat  
 Sighing through all her works gave sign of woe,  
 That all was lost. Back to the thicker flunk  
 The guilty serpent, and well might, for Eve 785  
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else  
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,  
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true  
 Or fancy'd so, through expectation high  
 Of knowledge; nor was God-head from her thought,  
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint,  
 And knew not eating death. Satiate at length,  
 And highten'd as with wine, jocund and boon  
 Thus to herself she pleatingly began.

O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees 795  
 In Paradise! of operation blest  
 To sapience! hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,  
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
 Created: but henceforth my early care,  
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise, 800  
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease  
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all:  
 Till dieted by thee, I grow mature  
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know:  
 Though others envy what they cannot give; 805  
 For had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
 Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,  
 Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd  
 In ignorance, thou open'st wisdom's way,  
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810  
 And I perhaps am secret: Heav'n is high,  
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
 Each thing on earth; and other care, perhaps,  
 May have diverted from continual watch  
 Our great forbidd'r, safe with all his spies 815  
 About him. —— But, to Adam in what sort

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Shall I appear? shall I to him make known  
As yet my change, and give him to partake  
Full happiness with me? or rather not;  
But keep the odds of knowledge in my pow'r, 820  
Without copartner? so to add what wants  
In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
And render me more equal, and perhaps,  
A thing not undesirable, sometime  
Superior: for inferior who is free? 825  
This may be well. —— But, what if God hath seen,  
And death ensue? Then I shall be no more,  
And Adam wedded to another Eve,  
Shall live with her injoying, I extincl;  
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve, 830  
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:  
So dear I love him, that with him, all deaths  
I could indure; without him live no life.

So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd,  
But first low reverence done, as to the Pow'r 835  
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd  
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd  
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland, to adorn 840  
Her tresses, and her trual labors crown:  
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:  
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill, 845  
Misgave him; he the faltring measure felt;  
And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
That morn, when first they parted. By the Tree  
Of knowledge he must pass; there be her met,  
Scarce from the tree returning: in her hand 850  
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,  
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd,  
To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;

Which,

Which with bland words at will she thus address. 855  
 Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd  
 Thy presence, agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untry'd I sought. 860  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear,  
 This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree  
 Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
 Op'ning the way; but of divine effect 865  
 To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste;  
 And hath been tasted such. The serpent wise,  
 Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,  
 Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become  
 Not dead, as we are threaten'd; but theaceforth 870  
 Indued with human voice, and human sense,  
 Reasoning to admiration: and with me  
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I  
 Have also tasted, and have also found  
 Th' effects to correspond: opener mine eyes, 875  
 Dim erst; dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
 And growing up to Godhead; which for thee  
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise:  
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss:  
 Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon. 880  
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot  
 May join us; equal joy, as equal love:  
 Left, thou not tasting, different degree  
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit. 885

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;  
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.  
 On th' other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,  
 Astonied stood and blank; while horror chill 890  
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd:  
 From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve

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Down dropt, and all the faded Roses fled:  
Speechless he stood and pale! till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke. 895

O fairest of creation, last and best  
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!  
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,  
Defac'd, deflowr'd, and now to death devote? 900  
Rather how hast thou yielded to transgres  
The strict forbiddance! how, to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidd'n! some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;  
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee 905  
Certain my resolution is to die!  
How can I live without thee! how forgo  
Thy sweet converse and love, so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn! 910  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet los's of thee  
Would never from my heart! no, no! I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state 915  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturb'd,  
Submitting to what seem'd remedilefs,  
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd. 920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous Eve!  
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,  
Had it been only conventing to eye  
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence;  
Much more to taste it under ban to touch. 925  
But past who can recall, or done undo?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact  
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,  
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first 930

Made

- Made common and unhallow'd e're our taste :  
 Nor yet on him found deadly ; he yet lives,  
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live as man  
 Higher degree of life : inducement strong  
 To us, as likely tasting to attain 935  
 Proportional ascent ; which cannot be  
 But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.  
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise !  
 Thoug threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
 Us his prime creatures ; dignified so high,  
 Set over all his works ; which in our fall, 940  
 For us created, needs with us must fail,  
 Depentent made : so God shall uncreate,  
 Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose ;  
 Not well conceiv'd of God : who tho' his pow'r 945  
 Creation could repeat, yet would be loath  
 Us to abolish ; lest the Adversary  
 Triumph and say : „ Fickle their state whom God  
 „ Most favors ! who can please him long ? Me first  
 „ He ruin'd, now mankind : whom will he next ? “ 950  
 Matter of scorn, not to be giv'n the Foe.  
 However I with thee have fix'd my lot,  
 Certain to undergo like doom : if death  
 Confort with thee, death is to me as life :  
 So forcible within my hearth I feel 955  
 The bond of nature draw me to my own,  
 My own in in thee, for what thou art is mine :  
 Our state cannot be sever'd, we are one,  
 One flesh ; tho' lose thee were to lose myself.  
 So Adam ; and thus Eve to him reply'd. 960  
 O glorious tryal of exceeding love,  
 Illustrious evidence, example high,  
 Ingaging me to emulate ! but short  
 Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
 Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung ? 965  
 And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
 One heart, one soul in both ! whereof good proof  
 This day affords ; declaring thee resolv'd,

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Rather than death or ought than death more dread,  
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear ! 970  
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit :  
Whose virtue, for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion, hath presented  
This happy trial of thy love; which else 975  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought Death menanc'd would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee; rather die  
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact 980  
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly asur'd  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful love unequal'd; but I feel  
Far otherwise th' event, not death, but life  
Augmented; open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys, 985  
Taste so divine! that what of sweet before  
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.  
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds.

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy 990  
Tenderly wept; much won, that he his love  
Had so innobled, as of choice t' incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
Ir recompense, for such compliance bad  
Such recompense best merits, from the bough 995  
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat,  
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.  
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan.  
Sky lour'd, and mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops  
Wept, at compleating of the mortal sin.  
Original! while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate 1005  
Her former trespass fear'd; the more to sooth  
Him,

Him, with her lov'd society : that now,  
As with new wine intoxicated both,  
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
Divinity within them breeding wings,      1010  
Wherewith to scorn the earth. But that false fruit  
Far other operation first display'd,  
Carnal desire inflaming : he on Eve  
Began to cast lascivious eyes ; she him  
As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn :      1015  
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.

Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,  
And elegant, of sapience no small part ;  
Since to each meaning favor we apply,  
And palate call judicious : I the praise      1020  
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.  
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd  
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
True relish, tasting : if such pleasure be  
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd,      1025  
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,  
As meet is, after such delicious fare :  
For never did thy beauty since the day  
I saw thee first, and wedded thee, adorn'd      1030  
With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
With ardor to enjoy thee; fairer now  
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree !

So said he, and forbore not glance, or toy  
Of amorous intent; well understood      1035  
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he faiz'd and to a shady bank,  
Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowr'd,  
He led her nothing loath : flow'r's were the couch,  
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,      1040  
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.  
There they their fill of love, and love's disport  
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the seal,  
The solace of their sin : till dewy sleep

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Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play. 1045

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
That with exhilarating vapor bland  
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost pow'rs  
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,  
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050  
Incumber'd, now had left them; up they rose  
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,  
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds  
How darken'd! Innocence, that, as a veil  
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone: 1055  
Just confidence, and native righteousness  
And honor from about them, naked left  
To guilty shame: he cover'd, but his robe  
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Sampson, from the harlot-lap 1060  
Of Philisteian Dalilah, and wak'd  
Shorn of his strength. They, destitute, and bare  
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:  
Till Adam, though no less than Eve abash'd, 1065  
At length gave utterance to these words constraint'd.  
O Eve! in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,  
False in our promis'd rising: since our eyes 1070  
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
Both Good and Evil; Good lost, and Evil got;  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity, 1075  
Our wonted ornaments, now soild and stain'd!  
And in our faces evident the signs  
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;  
Ev'n shame, the last of evils; of the first  
Be sure then.—How shall I behold the face 1080  
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes

Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
 Infusserably bright. O, might I here  
 In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 Obscur'd, where highest woods impenetrable  
 To star, or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad  
 And brown as evening! Cover me, ye Pines!  
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 Hide me, where I may never see them more! 1085  
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
 What best may for the present serve to hide  
 The parts of each from other, that seem most  
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen:  
 Some tree, whose broath smooth leaves together sow'd,  
 And girded on our loins, may cover round  
 Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,  
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.

So counsel'd he, and both together went  
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose 1100  
 The Fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd;  
 But such as at this day, to Indians known  
 In Malabar, or Decan, spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground  
 The bended twig take root, and daughters grow 1105  
 About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade  
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between:  
 There oft the Indian herdsmen shunning heat  
 Schelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loopholes cut thro' thickest shade: those leaves  
 They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe,  
 And with what skill they had, together sow'd,  
 To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt, and dreaded shame! O, how unlike  
 To that first naked glory! such of late 1115  
 Columbus found th' American, so girt  
 With feather'd cinfure; naked else, and wild  
 Among the trees, on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fence'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind. 1120

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They sat them down to weep! nor only tears  
 Rain'd at their eyes; but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord, and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind; calm region once      1125  
 And full of peace; now tost and turbulent!  
 For understanding rul'd not, and the will  
 Heard not her lore; but in subjection now  
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath  
 Usurping, over sov'reign reason claim'd      1130  
 Superior sway; from thus distemper'd breast  
 Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.

Would thou hadst hearken'd to my words, and stay'd  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange      1135  
 Desire of wandring this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence posses'd thee! We had then  
 Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd  
 Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve  
 The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail.

To whom, sonn mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve:  
 What words have pafs'd thy lips, Adam severe!  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will      1145  
 Of wand'ring, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happen'd thou being by;  
 Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou been there,  
 Or here th' attempt, thou could'st not have discern'd  
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;      1150  
 No ground of enmity between us known,  
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm.  
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
 As good have grown there still a lifeles rib.  
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the Head,      1155  
 Command me absolutely not to go,  
 Going into such danger, as thou said'st?  
 Too facil then, thou didst not much gainsay,

Nay didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent, 1160  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incens'd Adam reply'd:  
Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! express'd  
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I; 1165  
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss:  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee.  
And am I now upbraided, as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,  
It seems, in my restraint! What could I more? 1170  
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee; foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait: beyond this had been force;  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on; secure 1175  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps  
I also err'd, in overmuch admiring  
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee: but I rue 1180  
That error now, which is become my crime;  
And thou th' accuser! Thus it shall befall  
Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;  
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue, 1185  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.—

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours; but neither self-condemning:  
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

*The End of the Ninth Book.*

### B O O K X.

Mean while the hainous and despiteful act  
Of Satan, done in Paradise, and how  
He in the serpent had perverted Eve,

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Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
 Was known in Heav'n: for what can 'scape the eye 5  
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
 Omnipotent? Who, in all things wise and just,  
 Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind  
 Of man, with strength entire, and free-will arm'd  
 Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd 10  
 Whatever whiles of foe or seeming friend:  
 For still they knew, and ought t' have still remember'd,  
 The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,  
 Whoever tempted: which they not obeying,  
 Incurr'd, what could they less? the penalty, 15  
 And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.

Up into Heav'n from Paradise in haste  
 Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad  
 For man; for of his state by this they knew:  
 Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n 20  
 Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news  
 From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd  
 All were who heard: dim sadness did not spare  
 That time celestial visages; yet mix'd  
 With pity, violated not their bliss. 25  
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
 How all befel: they towards the Throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste to make appear  
 With righteous plea their utmost vigilance; 30  
 And easily approv'd: when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

Assembled Angels, and ye Pow'r's return'd  
 From unsuccessful charge! be not dismay'd,  
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the earth,  
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
 When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell. 35  
 I told you then he should prevail, and speed  
 On his bad errand; Man should be seduc'd,

And flatter'd out of all, believing lies  
 Against his Maker: no decree of mine  
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse      45  
 His free will, to her own inclining left  
 In even scale. But fall'n he is: and now  
 What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pafs  
 On his transgression, death denounc'd that day;  
 Which he presumes already vain and void,      50  
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,  
 By some immediate stroke: but soon shall find  
 Forbearance no acquittance e're day end.  
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorn'd.  
 But whom ſend I to judge them? whom, but thee      55  
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd  
 All judgment, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell,  
 Easy it may be ſeen that I intend  
 Mercy colleague with justice, ſending thee,  
 Man's friend, his mediator, his design'd      60  
 Both ransom and redeemer voluntary;  
 And destin'd man himself, to judge man fall'n.  
 So ſpake the Father, and unfolding bright  
 Tow'r'd the right hand his Glory, on the Son  
 Blaz'd forth unclouded Deity: He full      65  
 Resplendent all his Father manifest  
 Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.  
 Father Eternal! Thine is to decree;  
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will  
 Supreme; that thou in me thy Son belov'd      70  
 Mayſt ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge  
 On earth these thy transgrefſors; but thou knowſt,  
 Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,  
 When time ſhall be; for fo I undertook  
 Before thee; and not repenting, this obtain      75  
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
 On me deriv'd: yet I ſhall temper fo  
 Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate moſt  
 Them fully ſatisfy'd, and thee appeafe.

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Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd<sup>45</sup> ~~are~~  
Those two: the third best absent is condemn'd<sup>50</sup> ~~is~~ and  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law<sup>s</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Conviction to the serpent none belongs.<sup>55</sup>

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose<sup>60</sup> ~~and~~  
Of high collateral glory: Him Thrones, and Powers,  
Prinedoms, and Dominations ministrant,<sup>65</sup> ~~are~~ ~~are~~  
Accompanied to Heaven-gate: from whence  
Eden, and all the coast in prospect lay.<sup>70</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Down he descended straight: the speed of Gods<sup>75</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Time counts not, tho' with swiftest minutes wing'd.<sup>80</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Now was the Sun in western cadence low<sup>85</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,<sup>90</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in  
The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,<sup>95</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Came, the mild Judge, and Intercessor both,<sup>100</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
To sentence man: the voice of God they heard,<sup>105</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds<sup>110</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd: they heard,<sup>115</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
And from his presence hid themselves, among<sup>120</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
The thickest trees, both man and wife: till God<sup>125</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.<sup>130</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~

Where art thou Adam, wont with joy to meet<sup>135</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,<sup>140</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Not pleas'd; thus entertain'd with solitude,<sup>145</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Where obvious duty e're-while appear'd unsought:<sup>150</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Or come I less conspicuous? Or what change<sup>155</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Absents thee? Or what change details? Come forth:<sup>160</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, tho' first  
To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd:<sup>165</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Love was not in their looks, either to God<sup>170</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,<sup>175</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair;<sup>180</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile<sup>185</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Whence Adam, fault'ring long, thus answer'd brief<sup>190</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~

I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice<sup>195</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~  
Afraid, being naked, hid myself.— To whom<sup>200</sup> ~~is~~ ~~is~~

The gracious Judge without revile reply'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
But still rejoic'd: how is it now become 120  
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who  
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd,

O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand 125  
Before my Judge, either to undergo  
Myself the total crime or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life:  
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,  
I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130  
By my complaint. But strict necessity  
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint!  
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,  
However insupportable, be all  
Devolv'd. Though should I hold my peace, yet thou  
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal —  
This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,  
That from her hand I could suspect no ill; 140  
And what she did, whatever in itself,  
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;  
She gave me of the tree, — and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'reign Presence thus reply'd.

Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey 145  
Before his voice? Or was she made thy guide,  
Superior, or but equal; that to her  
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place  
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee;  
And for thee; whose perfection far excell'd 150  
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd  
She was indeed, and lovely to attract  
Thy love; not thy subjection: and her gifts  
Were such, as under government well-seem'd;  
Unseemly to bear rule, which was thy part, 155  
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And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon; yet not before her Judge      160  
Bold, or loquacious, thus abash'd reply'd.—  
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat!

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment He proceeded on th' accus'd  
Serpent though brute; unable to transfer      165  
The guilt on him, who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation; justly then accus'd,  
As vitiated in nature. More to know  
Concern'd not man, since he no further knew,      170  
Nor alter'd his offence: yet God at last  
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,  
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst      175  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
Upon thy belly groveling thou shalt go;  
And dust shalt eat, all the days of thy life:  
Between thee and the woman I will put  
Enmity; and between thine and her seed:      180  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.  
So spake this oracle, then verify'd  
When Jesus son of Mary, second! Eve,  
Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from Heav'n,  
Prince of the air: then rising from his grave      185  
Spoil'd Principalities and Pow'rs, triumph'd  
In open shew; and, with ascension bright,  
Captivity led captive through the air,  
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;  
Whom He shall tread at last under our feet:      190  
Ev'n He who now foretold his fatal bruise;  
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply.

By thy conception; children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will      195  
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounce'd:  
Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree, concerning which  
I charg'd thee, saying, thou shalt not eat thereof: 200  
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake: thou in sorrow  
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life:  
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field,  
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, 205  
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,  
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent;  
And th' instant stroke of Death, denunc'd that day, 210  
Remov'd far off: then, pitying how they stood  
Before him naked to the air, that now  
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume:  
As when he wash'd his servants feet; so now 215  
As father of his family he clad  
Their nakednes with skins of beasts; or slain,  
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid:  
And thought not much to clothe his enemies.  
Nor he their outward only, with the skins 220  
Of beasts, but inward nakednes, much more  
Opprobrious! with his robe of righteousness  
Arraying cover'd from his Father's sight.  
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,  
Into his blissful bosom reasum'd 225  
In glory as of old; to him appeas'd  
All, tho' all-knowing, what had past with man  
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Mean while, ere thus was finn'd and judg'd on earth,  
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 239  
In counterview within the gates, that now

195  
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend past through,  
Sin opening: who thus now to Death began.

O son! why fit we here each other viewing 235

Idly, while Satan our great author thrives

In other worlds, and happier seat provides

For us his offspring dear? It cannot be

But that success attends him: if mishap,

Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven 240

By his avengers, since no place like this

Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,

Wings growing, and dominion giv'n me large

Beyond this deep: whatever draws me on, 245

Or sympathy, or some connatural force,

Pow'rful at greatest distance to unite

With secret amity things of like kind

By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade

Inseparable, must with me along: 250

For Death from Sin no pow'r can separate.

But lest the difficulty of passing back,

Stay his return perhaps over this gulf

Impassable, impervious; let us try

Advent'rous work, yet to thy pow'r and mine 255

Not unagreeable, to found a path

Over this main from Hell to that new world,

Where Satan now prevails, a monument

Of merit high to all th' infernal host;

Easing their passage hence, for intercourse, 260

Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.

Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn

By this new felt attraction and instinct.

Whom thus the meager Shadow answer'd soon.

Go whither fate and inclination strong 265

Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err

The way, thou leading, such a scent I draw

Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste

The favor of Death from all things there that live.

Nor

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.	270
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the sinell Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote, Against the day of battel, to a field,	275
Where armies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd With scent of living carcasses, design'd For death the following day, in bloody fight: So scented the grim Feature, and upturn'd	280
His nostrils wide into the murky air, Sagacious of his quarry from so far.	285
Then both from out Hell-gates; into the waste Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark, Flew diverse, and with pow'r, their pow'r was great; Hovering upon the waters, what they met	290
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea Tost up and down, together crowded drove From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell:	295
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse Upon the Cronian sea, together drive Mountains of ice, that stop th' imagin'd way Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich	300
Cachiaian coast. The aggregated soil Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry, As with a trident smote; and fix'd as firm As Delos floating once: the rest his look	305
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move: And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate, Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach They fasten'd; and the mole immense wrought on	310
Over the foaming deep high arch'd; a bridge, Of length prodigious, joining to the wall Immoveable of this now fenceless world, Forfeit to Death. From hence a passage broad,	315
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell. So, if great things to small may be compar'd,	320
Xerxes, the Liberty of Grece to yoke.	325

From

270

From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
Came to the sea; and over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Afia join'd;      310  
And scourg'd with many a stroke th' indignant waves.

275

Now had they brought the work, by wondrous art  
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock

280

Over the vex'd Abyfs, following the track  
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he

great;

285

First lighted from his wing, and landed safe

Hell:

290

From out of Chaos to the outside bare  
Of this round world: with pins of adamant

295

And chains they made all fast; too fast they made,

300

And durable: And now in little space

305

The confines met of empyrēan Heav'n

310

And of this world, and on the left hand hell,  
With long reach interpos'd: three sev'ral ways

315

In sight, to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to earth they had descry'd

From

To Paradise first tending; when, behold!

Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering

His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:  
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear

Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.

He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded flunk  
Into the wood fast by; and changing shape

T' observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded

Upon her husband; saw their shame, that sought  
Vain covertures: but when he saw descend

The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd  
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shunn'd

The present; fearing guilty what his wrath

Might suddenly inflict: that past, return'd  
By night, and listening where the hapless pair

Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,  
Thence gather'd his own doom: which understood

Not instant, but of future time, with joy

345

Ad

And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd:  
 And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
 Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
 Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
 Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight      350  
 Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.  
 Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
 Inchanting daughter, thus the silence broke.

O parent! these are thy magnific deeds,  
 Thy trophies, which thou view'st as not thine own;  
 Thou art their author, and prime architect.  
 For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,  
 My heart, which by a secret harmony  
 Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,  
 That thou on earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks  
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt,  
 Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt  
 That I must after thee with this thy son:  
 Such fatal consequence unites us three!  
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds;      365  
 Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure,  
 Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
 Thou hast atchiev'd our liberty, confin'd  
 Within Hell gates till now: Thou us impower'd  
 To fortify thus far, and over-lay  
 With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.      370  
 Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won  
 What thy hands builded not: thy wisdom gain'd.  
 With odds what war hath lost: and fully aveng'd  
 Our foil in Heav'n: here thou shalt Monarch reign,      375  
 There didst not: there let him still victor sway,  
 As battel hath adjudg'd, from this new world  
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated:  
 And henceforth Monarchy with thee divide  
 Of all things, parted by th' empyreal bounds,      380  
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;  
 Or thy thee now more dang'rous to his throne.  
 Whom thus the Prince of darkness answer'd glad.

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Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both!  
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the race 385  
Of Satan, for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King,  
Amply have merited of me, of all  
Th' infernal empire, that, so near Heav'n's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390  
Mine with this glorious work; and made one realm  
Hell and this world, our realm, one continent  
Of easy thorough-fare. Therefore while I  
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,  
To my associate Pow'rs, them to acquaint 395  
With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
**You** two this way, among these numerous Orbs,  
All yours! right down to Paradise descend:  
There dwell and reign in bliss; thence on the earth  
Dominion exercize, and in the air, 400  
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd:  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send you, and create  
Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now 405  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends;  
Through sin to death expos'd by my exploit.  
If your joint pow'r prevail, th' affairs of hell  
No detriment need fear; go and be strong.

So saying he dismiss'd them; they with speed 410  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane: the blasted stars look'd wan,  
And Planets, planet-struck, real Eclipse  
Then suffer'd. Th' other way, Satan went down  
The causy to Hell gate: on either side, 415  
Disparted Chaos over built exclaim'd,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assai'd,  
That scorn'd his indignation. Through the gate,  
Wide-open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,  
And all about found desolate: for those 420  
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,

Flown

Flown to the upper world: the rest were all  
 Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls  
 Of Pandaemonium, city and proud seat  
 Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,  
 Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd. 425

There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand  
 In council sat, sollicitous what chance  
 Might intercept their Emperor sent: so he  
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd  
 As when the Tarrar from his Russian foe  
 By Astracan over the snowy plains,  
 Retires: or Bactrian Sophy from de horns  
 Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
 The realm of Aladule, in his retreat 435

To Taurus, or Casbeen: so these, the late  
 Heav'n-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell  
 Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch  
 Round their Metropolis; and now expecting  
 Each hour their great adventurer from the search 445

Of foreign worlds: he through the midst unmark'd,  
 In shew plebeian Angel militant  
 Of lowest order, past; and from the door  
 Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
 Ascended his high throne; which under state 455

Of richest texture spread, at th' upper end  
 Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down a while  
 He sat, and round about him saw unseen.  
 At last as from a cloud his fulgent head  
 And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad 465

With what permissive glory since his fall  
 Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd  
 At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
 Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,  
 Their mighty Chief return'd: loud was th' acclame!  
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,  
 Rais'd from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
 Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand  
 Silence, and with these words attention won.

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Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs!  
 For in possession such, not only of right, 461  
 I call you and declare you now; return'd  
 Successful beyond hope, to lead you forth  
 Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
 Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe, 465  
 And dungeon of our tyrant! now posses,  
 As Lords, a spacious world, t' our native Heav'n  
 Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
 With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell  
 What I have done, what suffer'd, with what pain 470  
 Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep  
 Of horrible confusion! over which  
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd  
 To expedite your glorious march: but I  
 Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride 475  
 Th' untractable abyfs, plung'd in the womb  
 Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild:  
 That jealous of their secrets fierce'y oppos'd  
 My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
 Protesting fate supreme: thence, how I found 480  
 The new created world, which fame in Heav'n  
 Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful  
 Of absolute perfection: therein Man,  
 Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd 485  
 From his Creator; and the more t' increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple; he thereat  
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his world,  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490  
 Without our hazard, labor, or alarm:  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over man  
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.  
 True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather  
 Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape 495  
 Man I deceiv'd, that which to me belongs,  
 Is enmity, which he will put between

Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;  
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head.  
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account  
Of my performance: What remains, ye Gods,  
But up and enter now into full bliss?

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout and high applause  
To fill his ear: when contrary, he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
Of public scorn: he wonder'd, but not long  
Had leisure, wond'ring at himself now more:  
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;  
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining  
Each other, till supplanted down he fell  
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
Reluctant; but in vain, a greater pow'r  
Now rul'd him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd  
According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
But hiss for his return'd with forked tongue,  
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd  
Alike, to serpents all as accessories  
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din  
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibena dire,  
Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,  
And Dipfas, not so thick swarm'd once the soil  
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon; or the isle  
Ophiusa, but still greatest he the mid'ſt,  
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the sun  
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on slime,  
Huge Python! and his pow'r no less he seem'd  
Above the rest still to retain: they all  
Him follow'd, issuing forth to th' open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,

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Sublime with expectation when to see  
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief:  
 They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd  
 Of ugly serpents: horror on them fell.  
 And horrid sympathy: for what they saw,      540  
 They felt themselves now changing: down their arms,  
 Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast,  
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form  
 Catch'd by contagion, like in punishment,  
 As in their crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,  
 Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that      550  
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
 Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange  
 Their earnest eyes they fix'd; imagining  
 For one forbidden tree, a multitude  
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame:      555  
 Yet parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
 But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees  
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
 That curl'd Megaera: greedily they pluck'd      560  
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;  
 This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
 Deceiv'd; they fondly thinking to allay  
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit      565  
 Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste  
 With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,  
 Hunger and thirst constraining; drug'd as oft  
 With hatefulest disrelish, writh'd their jaws  
 With foot and cinders fill'd: so oft they fell      570  
 Into the same illusion; not as man,      (plagu'd  
 Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they  
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,

Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd :  
 Yearly injoin'd, some say, to undergo 575  
 This annual humbling certain number'd days,  
 To dash their pride, and joy for man seduc'd.  
 However some tradition they dispers'd  
 Among the Heathen of their purchase got,  
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd 580  
 Ophion with Eurynome, the wide  
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first de rule  
 Of high Olympüs; thence by Saturn driv'n,  
 And Ops, e're yet Dictaeon Jove was born.  
 Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair 585  
 Too soon arriv'd, Sin, there in pow'r before,  
 Once actual; now in body, and to dwell  
 Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
 Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet,  
 On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began. 590  
 Second of Satan sprung, all conquering Death,  
 What think'st thou of our empire now? Tho' earn'd  
 With travel difficult, not better far  
 Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,  
 Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half starv'd? 595  
 Whom thus the sin-born monster answer'd soon:  
 To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
 Alke, is Hell, or Paradise, or Heav'n;  
 There best, where most with ravin I may meet:  
 Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little seems 600  
 To stuff this maw, this vast unhinder'd corps.  
 To whom th' incestuous mother thus reply'd:  
 Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers  
 Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl;  
 No homely morsels! and whatever thing 605  
 The scithe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd:  
 Till I in man residing, through the race,  
 His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect;  
 And season him thy last and sweetest prey.  
 This said, they both betook them several ways, 610  
 Both to destroy; or unimmortal make

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All kinds; and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later: which th' Almighty seeing, before all  
From his transcendent seat the Saints among, tri  
To those bright Orders utter'd thus his voice. 615

See with what heat these dogs of hell advance  
To waste and havock yonder world, which I signifi  
So fair and good created; and had still maintained  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man  
Let in these wasteful Furies, who impute 620  
Folly to me: so doth the prince of Hell  
And his adherents, that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess  
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem  
To gratify my scornful enemies, 625  
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit,  
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
At random yielded up to their misrule:  
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither,  
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630  
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed,  
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst,  
With fuck'd and glutted offal, at one fling  
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son, 635  
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave at last  
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
Then heav'n and earth renew'd, shall be made pure  
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain: 640

Till then the curse pronounc'd on both precedes;

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
Sung Hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
Through multitude that sung! Just are thy ways,  
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
Who can extenuate Thee? next, to the Son, 645  
Destin'd restorer of mankind, by whom  
New heav'n and earth shall to the ages rise,  
Or down from Heav'n descend." Such was their song,  
While the Creator calling forth by name His

His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650  
 As sort'd best with present things. The Sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the earth with cold, and heat,  
 Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call  
 Decrepit Winter; from the south to bring, 655  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc moon  
 Her office they prescrib'd; to th' other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects  
 In Sextile, Square, and Trine, and Opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacy; and when to join 660  
 In synod unbenign: and taught the fix'd  
 Their influence malignant when to shew'r,  
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set  
 Their corners; when with bluster to confound 665  
 Sea, air, and shore: the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aereal hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turn ascanse  
 The Poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Sun's axle; they with labor push'd 670  
 Oblique the centric globe: some say the Sun  
 Was bid turn from th' equinoctial road  
 Like distant breadth to Taurus with the sevn  
 Atlantic sisters, and the Spartan Twins  
 Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain 675  
 By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales,  
 As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change  
 Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring  
 Perpetual smil'd on earth with vernant flowers,  
 Equal in days and nights, except to those 680  
 Beyond the Polar circles: to them day  
 Had unbeneighted shone, while the low Sun  
 To recompense his distance, in their sight  
 Had rounded still th' horizon, and not known  
 Or east or west; which had forbid the snow 685  
 From cold Estotiland; and south as far  
 Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit

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- 650 The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd  
His course intended; else how had the world  
Inhabited, though lifeless, more than now. 692  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
These changes in the Heavn's, though slow, produc'd  
655 Like change on sea and land; sidereal blast,  
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot;  
Corrupt, and pestilent! Now from the north 695  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice.  
660 And snow and hail and stormy gust and flaw,  
Boreas and Caecias and Argestes loud  
And Thrascias rend the woods and seas upturn: 700  
With adverse blast upturns them from the south  
Netus and Afer black with thundrous clouds  
From Sierra Liona: thwart of these as fierce  
Forth rush the Levant and the Pontent winds  
Eurus and Zephyr; with their lateral noise, 705  
Sirocco, and Libecchio. Thus began  
Outrage from lifeless things: but Discord first,  
670 Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,  
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathy:  
Beast now with beast'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710  
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,  
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe  
675 Of man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim  
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without  
The growing miseries which Adam saw 715  
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within,  
680 And in a troubled sea of passion toss,  
Thus to disburden fought with sad complaint.  
O miserable of happy! is this the end 820  
Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
The glory of that glory, who now become  
Accur'd of blessed? Hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
685 Of happiness! yet well, if here would end 725  
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The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear  
 My own deservings; but this will not serve!  
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, *Increase and multiply;* 730  
 Now death to hear! For what can I increase,  
 Or multiply, but curses on my head?  
 Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling  
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
 My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure! 735  
 For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks  
 Shall be the execration: so besides  
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound:  
 On me as on their natural centre light 740  
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
 Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay,  
 To mold me man? Did I solicit thee  
 From darkness to promote me, or here place 745  
 In this delicious garden? As my will  
 Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right  
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 Desirous to resign and render back  
 All I receiv'd; unable to perform 750  
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
 The good I sought not. To the losf of that,  
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
 The sease of endless woes? Inexplicable  
 Thy justice seems.—Yet, to say truth, too late 755  
 I thus contest: then should have been refus'd  
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:  
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,  
 Then cavil the conditions? And though God  
 Made thee without thy leave; what if thy son 760  
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,  
 Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!  
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee

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That proud excuse? Yet him, not thy election,  
But natural necessity begot. 765  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace,  
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.  
Be it so! for I submit; his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return: 770  
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays  
His hand to execute, what his decree  
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?  
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out  
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet 775  
Mortality my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! How glad would lay me down,  
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,  
And sleep secure: His dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse 780  
To me and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation.—Yet one doubt  
Persues me still, lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man  
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish 785  
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life 790  
And sin? The body properly hath neither.  
All of me then shall die; let this appease  
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
For though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrath also? Be it! Man is not so, 795  
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?  
Can he make deathless death? That were to make  
Strange contradiction, which to God himself  
Impossible is held; as argument 800  
Of weakness, not of pow'r. Will he draw out,

For anger's sake, finite to infinite,  
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigor,  
Satisfy'd never? That where to extend  
His sentence beyond dust and nature's law: 805  
By which all causes else according still  
To the reception of their matter act  
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say  
That Death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,  
Bereaving sense; but endless misery 810  
From this day onward: which I feel begun  
Both in me, and without me, and so last  
To perpetuity.—Ay me! That fear  
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenseless head: both Death and I 815  
Am found eternal, and incorporate both,  
Nor I on my part single, in me all  
Posterity stands curs'd! Fair patrimony  
That I must leave ye, sons; O were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! 820  
So disinherited, how would you bless  
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind  
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,  
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,  
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd, 825  
No to do only, but to will the same  
With me? How can they then acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him after all disputes  
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain  
And reasonings, though thro' mazes, lead me still 830  
But to my own conviction: first and last  
On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due:  
So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou support  
That burden heavier; than the earth to bear; 835  
Than all the world much heavier; though divided  
With that bad woman? Thus what thou desir'st  
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
Of refuge; and concludes thee miserable,

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Beyond all past example, and future: 840  
 To Satan only like both crime and doom,  
 O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
 And horrors hast thou driv'n me? Out of which  
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud 845  
 Through the still night, not now, as ere man fell,  
 Wholesome and cool, and mild; but with black air  
 Accompanied: with damps and dreadful gloom;  
 Which to his evil conscience represented  
 All things with double terror. On the ground 850  
 Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
 Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd  
 Of tardy execution, since denounc'd  
 The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,  
 Said he, with one thrice acceptable stroke 855  
 To end me? shall truth fail to keep her word,  
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
 But Death comes not at call, justice divine  
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
 O woods, o fountains, hillocks, dales, and bow'r's!  
 With other echo late I taught your shades  
 To answer, and resound far other song! —  
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd: 865  
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! — That name best  
 Befits thee with him leagu'd; thyself as false  
 And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy shape,  
 Like his, and color serpentine, may show 870  
 Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee  
 Henceforth; lest that too heav'nly form, pretended  
 To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee  
 I had persisted happy; had not thy pride  
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe, 875  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd

Not

<sup>\*)</sup> Perhaps it shou'd be, Hills, Rocks,

Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,  
 Though by the Devil himself; him overweening  
 To over-reach: but with the serpent meeting  
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee 880  
 To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wife,  
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
 And understood not all was but a show  
 Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib  
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears, 885  
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn;  
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
 To my just number found. O! why did God,  
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n  
 With spirits masculine, create at last 890  
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once  
 With men as Angels without feminine,  
 Or find some other way to generate  
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n, 895  
 And more that shall befall: innumerable  
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,  
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either  
 He never shall find out fit mate; but such as  
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake; 900  
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
 Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
 By a far worse: or if she love, withheld  
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
 Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound 905  
 To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:  
 Which infinite calamity shall cause  
 To human life, and household peace confound.  
 He added not, and from her turn'd; But Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing, 910  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feed  
 Fell humble; and embracing them besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.  
 Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness Heav'n

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What love sincere, and reverence in my heart 915  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd! thy suppliant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,  
 Whereon I live! thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920  
 My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,  
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist? 880  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity 925  
 Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel serpent! On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n:  
 On me already lost! Me, than thyself 890  
 More miserable! both have finn'd; but thou 930  
 Against God only; I against God, and thee:  
 And to the place of judgment will return.  
 There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe, 935  
 Me, me only, just object of his ire!  
 She ended weeping; and her lowly plight  
 Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault 900  
 Acknowledg'd, and deplored, in Adam wrought  
 Commiseration: soon his heart relented 940  
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,  
 Now at his feet submissive in distress!  
 Creature so fair his reconcilement seek'g,  
 His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid!  
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost; 945  
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.  
 Unwary, and too desirous, as before,  
 So now of what thou know'st not, who despis't  
 The punishment all on thyself! Alas!  
 Bear thine own first; ill able to sustain 950  
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'r  
 Could

- Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
That on my head all might be visited, 955  
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiv'n,  
To me committed and by me expos'd.  
But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
Each other; blaim'd enough elsewhere! But strive  
In offices of love, how we may lighten 960  
Each other's burden, in our share of woe:  
Since this day's death denounc'd, if ought I see,  
Will prove no sudden but a slow-pac'd evil;  
A long day's dying to augment our pain,  
And to our seed, O hapless seed! deriv'd, 965  
To whom thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd.  
Adam by sad experiment, I know  
How little weight my words with thee can find,  
Found so erroneous; thence by just event  
Found so unfortunate; nevertheless, 970  
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place  
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart  
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide  
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are ris'n: 975  
Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable  
As in our evils, and of easier choice.  
If care of our descent perplex us most,  
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd 980  
By Death at last; and miserable it is  
To be to others cause of misery,  
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
Into this cursed world a woeful race;  
That after wretched life must be at last 985  
Food for so foul a monster: in thy pow'r  
It lies, yet e're conception to prevent  
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death  
Shall be deceiv'd his glut; and with us two 990

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Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
And with desire to languish without hope, 995  
Before the present object languishing  
With like desire, which would be misery,  
And torment less than none of what we dread;  
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free  
From what we fear for both, let us make short, 1000  
Let us seek Death: or he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves,  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,  
That show no end but death; and have the pow'r  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing 1005  
Destruction with destruction to destroy? —

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd, 1010  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Lab'ring had rais'd; and thus to Eve reply'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime,  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns. 1015  
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes  
That excellence thought in thee: and implies,  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.  
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end 1020  
Of misery; so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but God  
Hath wiser arm'd his vengeful ire, than so  
To be forestall'd: much more I fear lest death,  
So snatch'd will not exempt us from the pain 1025  
We are by doom to pay. Rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live! Then, let us seek

Some safer resolution; which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed 1030  
Part of our sentence, that „thy seed shall bruise  
„The Serpent's head!“ Piteous amends! unless  
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe  
Satan: who in the Serpent hath contriv'd  
Against us this deceit: to crush his head 1035  
Would be revenge indeed, which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves; or childless days  
Resolv'd, as thou proposest: so, our foe  
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd; and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040  
No more be mention'd then of violence  
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness,  
That cuts us off from hope; and favors only  
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God, and his just yoke 1045  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild  
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd  
Without wrath, or reviling: we expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day, when lo! to thee 1050  
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompens'd with joy,  
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse a-slope  
Glanç'd on the ground; with labor I must earn  
My bread: what harm? Idleness had been worse: 1055  
My labor will sustain me: and lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely care  
Hath unbefought provided; and his hands  
Cloth'd us unworthy; pitying while he judg'd.  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
Th' inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail and snow;  
Which now the sky with various face begins  
To shew us in this mountain; while the winds 1065  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks

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1030 Of those fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
Some better shrowd, some better warmth to cherish  
Our limbs benumm'd; e're this diurnal star  
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams 1070  
Reflected, may with matter sere foment  
Or by collision of two bodies grind  
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds  
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock  
Tine the flant lightning; whosethwar flame driv'n down,  
Kindles the gummy bark of Fir, and Pine,  
And fends a comfortable heat from far,  
Which might supply the Sun, Such fire to use,  
And what may else be remedy or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080  
He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
Beseeching him. So as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd  
By him with many comforts; till we end  
In dust, our final rest, and native home. 1085  
What better can we do, than to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall  
Before him reverent; and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears  
Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?  
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn  
From his displeasure: in whose look serene,  
When angry most he seem'd and most severe, 1095  
What else but favor, grace, and mercy shone?

1060 So spake our father penitent: nor Eve  
Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent; and both confess'd 1100  
Humbly their faults; and pardon begg'd, with tears  
Wat'ring the ground; and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite; in sign  
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

The End of the Tenth Book.

## B O O K XI.

Thus they in lowliest plight repentant stood  
 Praying; for from the mercy-seat above,  
 Prevenient grace descending, had remov'd  
 The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
 Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd. 5  
 Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r  
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight  
 Than loudest oratory. Yet their port  
 Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
 Seem'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair, 10  
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,  
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
 The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine  
 Of Themis stood devout. To Heav'n their pray'r's  
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds 15  
 Blown vagabond, or frustrate: in they pass'd  
 Dimensionless thro' heav'nly doors; then clad  
 With incense, where the golden altar sum'd,  
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
 Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son 20  
 Presenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung  
 From thy implanted grace in man! these sighs  
 And pray'r's, which in this golden censer, mix'd  
 With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring: 25  
 Fruits of more pleasing savor from thy seed  
 Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
 Which his own hand manuring all the trees  
 Of Paradise could have produc'd, e're fall'n  
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear 30  
 To supplication; hear his sighs though mute!  
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
 Interpret for him; me, his advocate  
 And propitiation; all his works on me,  
 Good or not good ingraft: My merit those 35

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Shall perfect; and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me; and in me from thee receive  
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind: let him live  
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days  
Number'd, tho' sad, till Death, his doom, which I 40  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,  
To better life shall yield him; where with me  
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;  
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene. 45  
All thy request for man, accepted Son,  
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,  
The law I gave to nature him forbids.  
Those pure immortal elements, that know 50  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture soul,  
Eject him tainted now; and purge him off  
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first 55  
Distemper'd all things; and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts  
Created him endow'd, with happiness  
And immortality: that fondly lost,  
This other serv'd but to eternize woe, 60  
Till I provided Death: so Death becomes  
His final remedy: and after life  
Try'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Wak'd in the renovation of the just, 65  
Resigns him up with heav'n and earth, tenew'd.  
But let Us call to synod all the Blest,  
Thro' Heav'n's wide bounds: from them I will not hide  
My judgments, how with mankind I proceed;  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70  
And in their state, tho' firm, stood more confirm'd.  
He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright minister that watch'd: he blew

His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended; and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. Th' Angelic blast 75  
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful b'wrs  
O Samaria in shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they lat  
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high, 80  
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme  
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sov'reign will.

O Sons! like one of Us man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his take 85  
Of that defended fruit: but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost, and evill got: I wal out  
Happier! had it suffis'd him to have known  
Good by itself; and evill not at all.  
He sorrows now, repents and prays contrite! did he  
My motions in him? longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain  
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live 95  
For ever, to remove him I decreed.  
And send him from the garden forth, to till  
The ground whence he was taken; bitter soil.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge!  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100  
Thy choice of flaming warriors; lest the Fiend,  
Or in behalf of man, or to invade  
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise,  
Haste thee! and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair; 105  
From hallow'd ground th' unholy; and denounce  
To them and to their progeny from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet lest they faint,  
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I behold them soften'd, and with tears 110  
Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.

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If patiently thy bidding they obey, evoln her. bffed her  
 Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal me  
 To Adam what shall come in future days, and quibnd  
 As I shall thee enlighten; intermix, based now I ~~thus~~  
 My covenant in the woman's seed renew'dn of whom  
 So send them forth, thq' sorrowings yet in peace; and  
 And on the east-side of the garden place, and ibid  
 Where entrance up from Eden easys climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flameous. And 20  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright, bldgiz Eve  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life; to rend  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove to her fruit or in pain  
 To spirits soul, and all my trees their prey; or off  
 With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude. w125

He ceas'd; and th' archangelic Pow'r prepar'd him oT  
 For swift descente; with him the cohort bright, qd A  
 Of watchful Cherubim, four faces each, evoln rather  
 Had, like a double Janus; all their shape  
 Spangled with eyes, more numerous than those, 130  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drouse, mrd T  
 Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Mean while  
 To resalute the world with sacred light, also rodel oT  
 Leucothea wak'd; and with fresh Jevs inbalm'd, 135  
 The earth; when Adam, and first matron Eve, mrd H  
 Had ended now their orisons; and found  
 Strength added from above; new hope to spring  
 Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd; 140  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd, oT

Eve, easily may faith admit, that all  
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n descends:  
 But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n,  
 So prevalent, as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to inclin his will, bldgiz  
 Hard to belief may seem: yet this will pray'r, mrd A  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, up-born, bid off  
 Ev'n to the seat of God. For since I sought  
 By pray'r th' offended Deity to appease, bldgiz

Kneel'd, and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear: persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favor; peace return'd  
 Home to my breast; and to my memory  
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe: 155  
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of Death  
 Is past, and we shall live! Whence hail to thee!  
 Eve rightly cal'd, mother of all mankind,  
 Mother of all things living; since by thee 160  
 Man is to live; and all things live for man!

Tho whom thus Eve, with sad demeanour meek:  
 If worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordain'd  
 A help, became thy share: to me reproach 165  
 Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:  
 But infinite in pardon was my Judge;  
 That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd  
 The curse of life: next favourable thou,  
 Who highly thus vouchsafe'st me: 170  
 Far other name deserving! But the field  
 To labor calls us now with sweat impos'd,  
 Though after sleepless night: for see! the morn,  
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins  
 Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth; 175  
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
 Where'er our days work lies; though now enjoin'd  
 Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,  
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant walks?  
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content! 180

So spake, so wish'd much-humbl'd Eve; but fate  
 Subscrib'd not: Nature first gave signs, impress'd  
 On bird, beast, air: air suddenly eclips'd  
 After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight,  
 The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour, 185  
 Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.  
 Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods

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First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:  
Direct to th' eastern gate was bent their flight.      190  
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase  
Persuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.

O Eve! some further change awaits us nigh,  
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in nature shows,  
Forerunners of his purpose: or to warn      195  
Us haply too secure of our discharge  
From penalty, because from death releas'd  
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
And thither must return and be no more?      200  
Why else this double object in our sight,  
Of flight pursu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,  
One way the self-same hour? Why in the east  
Darknes e're day's mid course, and morning light  
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws      205  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white;  
And slow descends, with somethng heav'nly fraught?

He err'd not; for by this the heav'nly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt:      210  
A glorious apparition! had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.  
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright:      215  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd  
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king; who to surprise  
One man, assassin like, had levied war,  
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch      220  
In their bright stand there left his Pow'rs, to seise  
Possession of the garden: he alone,  
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way;  
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,  
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.      225

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps  
Of us will soon determine; or impose  
New laws to be observ'd: for I descry,  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill  
One of the heav'nly host, and by his gait 230  
None of the meanest: some great Potentate,  
Or of the Thrones above; such majesty  
Invests him coming! yet not terrible  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide, 235  
But solemn and sublime: whom not t' offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended, and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms 240  
A milidary vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old  
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof;  
His starry helm unbuckl'd, shew'd him prime 245  
In manhood, where youth ended: by his side  
As in a glist'ring Zodiac hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bow'd low: he kingly from his state  
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd. 250

Adam! Heav'n's high behest no preface needs:  
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgres,  
Defeated of his seizure many days  
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent, 255  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeas'd,  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim.  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
Permits not: to remove thee I am come, 260  
And send thee from the garden forth, to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.

He added not; for Adam at the news

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Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound! Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death!  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both! O flow'rs,  
That never will in other climate grow;  
My early visitation, and my last  
At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names,  
Who now shall rear you to the Sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount?  
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world; to this obscure  
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:  
Lament not, Eve, put patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost: nor set thy heart  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.  
Thy going is not lonely: with thee goes  
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound:  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,  
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd  
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem  
Prince above Princes! gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us, what besides  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,

Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,  
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
 Reces, and only consolation left  
 Familiar to our eyes! all places else                            305  
 inhospitable appear, and desolate;  
 Nor knowing us, nor known. And if by pray'r  
 Incessant, I could hope to change the will  
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
 To weary him with my assiduous cries.                            310  
 But pray'r against his absolute decree  
 No more avails than breath against the wind;  
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:  
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
 This most afflicts me, that departing hence,                            315  
 As from his face I shall be hid depriv'd  
 His blessed count'nance! Here I could frequent  
 With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd  
 Presence divine; and to my sons relate:  
 „On this mount he appear'd; under this tree                            320  
 „Stood visible; among these pines his voice  
 „I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd.“  
 So many grateful altars I would rear  
 Of grassy turf; and pile up every stone  
 Of lustre from the brook; in memory,                                    325  
 Or monument to ages: and thereon  
 Offer sweet smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.  
 I yonder nether world where shall I seek  
 His bright appearances, or foo-step trace?  
 For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd                            330  
 To life prolong'd, and promis'd race I now  
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
 Of glory, and far off his steps adore.  
 To whom thus Michael with regard benign.  
 Adam! thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the earth,                    335  
 Not this rock only. His omnipresence fills  
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
 Fomented by his virtual pow'r, and warm'd.  
 All th' earth he gave thee to possess, and rule:

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No despicable gift I surmise not then 340  
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd  
 Of Paradise or Eden; this had been  
 Perhaps thy capitalfeat; from whence had spread  
 All generations; and had hither come  
 From all the ends of the earth, to celebrate 345  
 And reverence thee their great progenitor,  
 But this preeminence thou hast lost, brought down  
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons.  
 Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
 God is as here, and will be found alike. 350  
 Present, and of his presence many a sign  
 Still following thee, still compassing the round  
 With goodness, and paternal love, his face  
 Express, and of his steps the track divine,  
 Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd 355  
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
 To show thee what shall come in future days  
 To thee and to thy offspring: good with bad  
 Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
 With sinfulness of men thereby to learn 360  
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
 And pious sorrow, equally inur'd  
 By moderation either state to bear,  
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure 365  
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
 This hill. Let Eve, for I have drench'd her eyes,  
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wak'st,  
 As once thou slept'st, whilst she to life was form'd.  
 To whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd. 370  
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide! the path  
 Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heav'n submit,  
 However chast'ning: to the evil turn  
 My obvious breast; arming to overcome  
 By suffering, and earn rest from labor won: 375  
 It so I may attain.—So both ascend,  
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,

At Paradise the highest; from whose top desigh'd  
The hemisphere of earthy in clearest ken along all  
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay. 330  
Not higher than hill nor wider looking round,  
Whereon for different cause the tempter set him, 335  
Our second Adam, in the wilderness; and him sent  
To shew him all earth's kingdoms and their glory. 340  
His eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern fame, the seat 345  
Of mightiest empire! from the distin'd walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Chaim,  
And Samarchand by Oxus, Tatemir's throne; 350  
To Peking, of Sinaean kings; and thence 355  
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul.  
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sat; or since 360  
In Hispahan: or, where the Russian Klar  
In Moscow; or the Sultan in Bylance, 365  
Turchestan-born: nor could his eye not ken  
\*) Th' empire of Negus, to his utmost port  
Ercoco; and the less maritim Kings, 370  
Monbaza, and Quioa, and Melind,  
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm 375  
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south:  
Or thence, from Niger flood to Atlas mount  
The Kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Suz, 380  
Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway 405  
The world; in spirit perhaps he also saw  
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume;  
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd 410  
Guiana; whose \*) great city Geryon's sons  
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights,  
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,  
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight  
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\*) Ethiopia.

\*\*) Maxos.

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Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and vine  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see; now 415  
And from the well of life three drops instill'd  
So deep the pow'r of these ingredients pierc'd; to no  
Ev'n to the inmost seat of mental light,  
That Adam, now infir'd to close his eyes,  
Sunk down, and all his spirits became intranc'd: 420  
But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd:

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
In some to spring from thee! who never touch'd 425  
Th' excepted tree; nor with the Snake conspir'd;  
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field  
Part arable and till'd, whereon were sheaves 430  
New reap'd: the other part, sheep-walks and folds: 435  
P' th' midst an altar as the land-mark stood,  
Rustic, of grassy sod: thither anent  
A sweaty reaper from his village bkdught  
First fruit, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,  
Uncull'd, as came to hand. A shepherd next 440  
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,  
Choicest and best: then sacrificing, laid  
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,  
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd,  
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven 445  
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam.  
The other's not, for his was not sincere.  
Whereat he only rag'd, and as they talk'd  
Smote him into the midriff with a stone, 450  
That beat ut life: he fell, and deadly pale  
Groan'd out his soul with gulping blood effus'd:  
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
Disinay'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cry'd,

O Teacher! some great mischief hath befall'n 455  
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd:

Is piety thus, and pure devotion paid?

T' whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, reply'd:  
These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
Out of thy loins; th' unjust the just hath slain; 455  
For envy, that his brother's offering found  
From Heav'n acceptance: but the bloody fact  
Will be aveng'd; and th' other's faith approv'd  
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore. To which our fire. 460

Alas; both for the deed and for the cause!  
But have I now seen Death? is this the way  
I must return to native dust? O sight  
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel! 465

To whom thus Michael, Death thou hast seen  
In his first shape on man: but many shapes  
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead  
To his grim cave: all dismal! yet to sense  
More terrible at th' entrance than within. 470  
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die:  
By fire, flood, famine: by intemperance more  
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
Diseases dire: of which a monstrous crew  
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know 475  
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve

Shall bring on men. Immediately a place  
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark,  
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid  
Numbers of all diseas'd: all maladies  
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms 480  
Of heart-sick agony, all fev'rous kinds,  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,  
Intestin stone, and ulcer, cholic pangs,  
Daemoniac phrenzy, moaping melancholy, 485  
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.  
Dire was the toiling, deep the groans! Despair

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Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch: 490  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook; but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd  
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.  
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long  
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept, 495  
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd  
His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
A space; till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,  
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.  
O miserable mankind! to what fall 500  
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!  
Better end here unborn! Why is life giv'n  
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why  
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
What we receive, would either not accept 505  
Life offer'd; or soon beg to lay it down;  
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus  
Th' image of God in man, created once  
So goodly and erect, though faulty since  
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd, 510  
Under inhuman pains? Why should not man,  
Retaining still divine similitude  
In part, from such deformities be free,  
And for his Maker's image fain exempt?  
Their Maker's image, answer'd Michael, then 515  
Forsook them, when themselves they vilif'd  
To serve ungovern'd appetite: and took  
His image whom they serv'd, and brutish vice,  
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve:  
Therefore so abject is their punishment, 520  
Dissiguring not God's likeness, but their own:  
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd,  
While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules  
To loathsome sickness; worthily, since they  
God's image did not reverence in themselves. 525

I yeild it just, said Adam, and submit!  
But is there yet no other way, besides

These

These painful passages, how we may come  
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There is, said Michael, if thou well observe  
The rule not of too much; by temperance taught  
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence  
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
Till many years over thy head return; 530  
So mayst thou live; till like ripe fruit thou drop  
Into thy mother's lap: or be with ease  
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death matured.  
This is old age: but then, thou must outlive  
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change  
To wither'd, weak, and gray: thy senses then 540  
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo,  
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,  
Hopeful, and cheerful, in thy blood will reign,  
A melancholy damp, of cold and dry  
To weigh thy spirits down; and last consume 550  
The balm of life. To whom our ancestor,

Henceforth I fly, not death, nor would prolong  
Life much: bent rather how I may be quit  
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendring up, patiently attend 550  
My dissolution! Michael reply'd  
Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st  
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heav'n.  
And now prepare thee for another sight. 555

He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue: by some, were herds  
Of cattle grazing: others, whence the sound  
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
Was heard, of harp, and organ, and who mov'd 560  
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and persw'd transverse the resonant fugue.  
In other part stood one who at the forge  
Lab'ring, two massy clods of iron and brass. 565  
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Had melted, whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
To some cay'ēs mouth, or whether wash'd by stream  
From underground, the liquid ore he drain'd      570  
Into fit molds prepar'd, from which he form'd  
First his own tools, then, what might else be wrought  
Fusil or grav'n in metal. After these,  
But on the hither side, a different sort  
From the high neighb'ring hills, which was their seat,      575  
Down to the plain descended: by their guise  
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain      580  
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents behold  
A bevy of fair woman, richly gay  
In gems and wanton dress; tho th' harp they sung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on!  
The men, tho' grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes      585  
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net  
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose:  
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning star  
Love's harbinger, appear'd: then all in heat  
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke      590  
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:  
With feast and music all the tents resound,  
Such happy interview, and fair event  
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flow'rs.  
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart      595  
Of Adam, soon inclin'd t' admit delight,  
The bent of Nature! which he thus express'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest!  
Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past:      600  
Those were of hate, and death, or pain much worse:  
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is best

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By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet,  
Created, as thou art, to nobler end. 605  
Holy and pure, conformity divine!  
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents  
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
Who slew his brother: studious they appear  
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare; 610  
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none  
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget:  
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd  
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay, 615  
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists  
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise,  
Bred only and completed to the taste  
Of lustful appetite; to sing, to dance,  
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye. 620  
To these, that sober race of men, whose lives  
Religious titled them the sons of God,  
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame  
Ignobly! to the trains and to the smiles  
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy, 625  
Ere long to swim at large, and laugh: for which  
The world ere long a world of tears must weep!  
To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft.  
O pity and shame! that they, who to live well  
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread 630  
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!  
But still I see the tenor of man's woe  
Hold on the same, from woman to begin.  
From man's effeminate slackness it begins;  
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place  
By wisdom and superior gifts receiv'd.  
But now prepare thee for another scene.  
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him, towns and rural works between:  
Cities of men with lofty gates and tow'rs; 640  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war;

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Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise!  
 Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed:  
 Single or in array of battle rang'd  
 Both horse and food; nor idly must'ring stood: 645  
 One way a band select from forage drives  
 A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine  
 From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,  
 Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain;  
 Their booty: scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650  
 But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray.  
 With cruel tournament the squadrons join!  
 Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies  
 With carcasses, and arms th' insanguin'd field,  
 Deserted. Others, to a city strong 655  
 Lay siege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, scale, and mine  
 Assaulting: others from the wall defend  
 With dart and jav'lin, stones and sulph'rous fire:  
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.  
 In other part, the sceptred Heralds call 660  
 To council in the city gates: anon  
 Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,  
 Assemble, and harangues are heard: but soon  
 In factious opposition: till at last  
 Of middle age one rising, eminent 665  
 In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,  
 Of justice, of religion, truth and peace,  
 And judgment from above. Him old and young  
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands;  
 Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence, 670  
 Unseen amid the throng. So violence  
 Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law  
 Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.  
 Adam was all in tears, and to his guide  
 Lamenting turn'd full sad: O what are these! 675  
 Death's minister's, not men! who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother: for of whom such massacre

Make they but of their brethren; men of men? 680  
 But who was that just man, whom had not Heav'n  
 Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?

To whom thus Michael. These are the product  
 Of those ill-match'd marriages thou saw'st;  
 Where good with bad were match'd; who of themselves  
 Abhor to join: and by imprudence mix'd,  
 Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
 Such were these giants; men of high renown!  
 For in those days might only shall be admir'd,  
 And valor and heroic virtue call'd: 690

To overcome in battel, and subdue  
 Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
 Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
 Of human glory; and for glory done  
 Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors, 695  
 Patrons of mankind, Gods, and sons of Gods,  
 Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.  
 Thus fame shall be atchiev'd, renown on earth;  
 And what most merits fame in silence hid.

But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst  
 The only righteous in a world perverse,  
 And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
 With foes, for daring single to be just,  
 And utter odious truth, that God would come  
 To judge them with his Sains: him the Most High 705  
 Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds,  
 Did, as thou saw'st, receive; to walk with God  
 High in salvation, and the climes of bliss,  
 Exempt from death: to shew thee what reward  
 Awaits the good; the rest, what punishment: 710  
 Which now directh thine eyes, and soon behold.

He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd:  
 The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;  
 All noww turn'd to jollity, and game,  
 'To luxury and riot, feast and dance; 715  
 Marrying or prostituting, as befel,  
 Rape or adultery, where passing fair

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Book XI.

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Allur'd them: thence from cups, to civil broils.  
At length a reverend fire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declar'd, 720  
And testify'd against their ways: he oft  
Frequented their assemblies, wherefo met,  
Triumphs or festivals and to them preach'd  
Conversion and repentance: as to souls  
In prison under judgments imminent: 725  
But all in vain! which when he saw, he ceas'd  
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off.  
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;  
Measur'd by cubit, length and breadth and height; 730  
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door  
Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large,  
For man and beast: when lo, o wonder strange!  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small  
Came sevens, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught 735  
Their order: last the fire, and his three sons  
With their four wives, and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the southwind rose, and with black wings  
Wide-hov'ring, all the clouds together drove  
From under Heav'n; the hills to their supply 740  
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain: and now the thicken'd sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain  
Impetuous: and continu'd till the earth  
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum 745  
Uplifted; and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water roll'd: sea cover'd sea;  
Sea without shore! and in their palaces 750  
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd  
And stabled: of mankind, so numerous late,  
All left, in one small bottom swum imbarke'd.  
How dist thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad, 755

Depopulation ! Thee another flood,  
 Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drown'd,  
 And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd  
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
 Tho' comfortless; as when a father mourns      760  
 His children, all in view destroy'd at once:  
 And scarce to th' Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.  
 O visions ill foreseen ! Better had I  
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had born  
 My part of evil only, each day's lot      765  
 Enough to bear: those now, that were dispens'd  
 The burden of many ages, on me light  
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,  
 With thought that they must be. Let no men seek      770  
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
 Him or his children: evil he may be sure:  
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;  
 And he the future evil shall no less  
 In apprehension than in substance feel;      775  
 Grievous to bear ! But that care now is past,  
 Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd  
 Famin and anguish will at last consume  
 Wand'ring that watry desert. I had hope  
 When violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,      780  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have crown'd  
 With length of happy days the race of man.  
 But I was far deceiv'd ! For now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus ? Unfold, celestial guide !      785  
 And whether here the race of man will end.  
 To whom thus Michael. Those whom last thou saw'st.  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits; but of true virtue void:      790  
 Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations; and achiev'd thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;

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Shall change their course to pleasure, ease and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride 795  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquer'd also, and enslev'd by war,  
 Shall with their freedom lost all virtue lose  
 And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd  
 In sharp contest of battel found no aid 800  
 Against invaders: therefore coold in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their Lords  
 Shall leave them to injoy; for th' earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be try'd: 805  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith forgot!  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurement, custom, and a world 810  
 Offended, fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence; he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish; and before them set  
 The paths of righ teousness, how much more safe,  
 And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come 815  
 On their impenitence; and shall return  
 Of them derided. But, of God observ'd,  
 The one just man alive, by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldst,  
 To save himself and household, from amidst 820  
 A world devote to universal wrack,  
 No sooner he with them of man and beast  
 Select for life shall in the ark be lodg'd,  
 And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts  
 Of Heav'n set open on the earth shall pour 825  
 Rain day and night: all fountains of the deep  
 Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
 Above the highest hills. Then shall this mount  
 Of Paradise, by might of waves be mov'd 830  
 Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,

With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
 Down the great river to the opening gulf,  
 And there take root and island salt and bare,  
 The haunt of Seals, and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang; 835  
 To teach thee that God attributes to place  
 No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
 By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.  
 And now what further shall ensue, behold.

He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840  
 Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,  
 Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry  
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;  
 And the clear sun on his wide watry glass  
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew, 845  
 As after thirst: which made their flowing shrink  
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
 With soft foot tow'rds the deep, who now had stopt  
 His sluices, as the Heav'n his windows shut.  
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground 850  
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.  
 And now the tops of hills as rocks appear:  
 With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,  
 Tow'rds the retreating sea their furions tide.  
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies, 855  
 And after him, the surer messenger,  
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy  
 Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light:  
 The second time returning, in his bill  
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign! 860  
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
 The ancient fire descends with all his train:  
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,  
 Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds  
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow 865  
 Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,  
 Betokening peace from God, and cov'nant new.  
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
 Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.

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O thou who future things canst represent      870  
 As present, heav'ly instructör! I revive  
 At this last sight, assur'd that man shall live  
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
 Far less I now lament for one whole world  
 Of wicked sons destroy'd, that I rejoice      875  
 For one man found so perfect and so just,  
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world  
 From him, and all his anger to forget.  
 But say, what mean those color'd streaks in heav'n  
 Distended as the brow of God appeas'd,      880  
 Or serve they as a flow'ry verge to bind  
 The fluid skirts of that same watry cloud,  
 Lest it again dissolve and shov'r the earth?

To whom th' Arch-Angel. Dextrously thou aim'st;  
 So willingly doth God remit his ire,      885  
 Though late repenting him of man deprav'd;  
 Grief'd at his heart, when looking down he saw  
 The whole earth fill'd with violence; and all flesh  
 Corrupting each their way: yet, those remov'd,  
 Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,      890  
 That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
 And makes a covenant never to destroy  
 The earth again by flood; nor let the sea  
 Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,  
 With man therein or beast: but when he brings      895  
 Over the earth a cloud, will therein set  
 His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,  
 All call to mind his covenant: day and night,  
 Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost  
 Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,  
 Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall dwell.

*The End of the Eleventh Book.*

## BOOK XII.

As one who in his journey bates at noon,  
Tho' bent on speed: so here th' Arch-Angel paus'd,  
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,  
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:  
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5

Thou hast seen one world begin and end,  
And man as from a second stock proceed.  
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense. 10  
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,  
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.

This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;  
Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine and oil: and from the herd, or flock,  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20  
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell  
Long time in peace by families and tribes  
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise  
Of proud ambitious heart; who not content 25  
With fair equality, fraternal state,  
Will arrogate dominion undeferr'd  
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
Concord and law of nature from the earth;  
Hunting, and men, not beasts, shall be his game, 30  
With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.  
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd  
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heav'n,

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Of from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty: 35  
And from rebellion shall derive his name;  
Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
With him or under him to tyrannize,  
Marching from Eden tow'rs the west, shall find 40  
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell.  
Of brick, and of that stuff they cast to build  
A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to Heav'n;  
And get themselves a name: lest far dispers'd 45  
In foreign lands their memory be lost;  
Regardless wether good or evil fame.  
But God, who oft descends to visit men  
Unseen, and through their habitations walks  
To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50  
Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r  
Obstruct Heav'n-tow'rs; and in derision sets  
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
Quite out their native language: and instead  
To sow a jaunting noise of words unknown. 55  
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
Among the builders: each to other calls  
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,  
As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in Heav'n,  
And looking down, to see the hubbub strage, 60  
And hear the din: thus was the building left  
Ridiculous; and the work Confusion nam'd.  
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd.  
O execrable son! so to aspire  
Above his brethren; to himself assuming 65  
Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n.  
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
Dominion absolute; that right we hold  
By his donation: but man over men  
He made not Lord: such title to himself  
Reserving, human left from human free,  
But this usurper his encroachment proud

Stays

Stays not on man: to God his tow'r intends  
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! What food  
 Will he convey up thither to sustain  
 Himself and his rash army; where thin air  
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross;  
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?

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To whom thus Michael. Justly thou abhor'st  
 That son, who on the quiet state of men  
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
 Rational liberty: yet know Withal,  
 Since by original lapse, true liberty  
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
 Twin'd, and from her hath no dividual being:  
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,  
 Immediately inordinate desires  
 And upstart passions catch the government  
 From reason; and to servitude reduce  
 Man till then free. Therefore, since he permits  
 Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign  
 Over free reason; God in judgment just  
 Subjects him from without to violent lords:  
 Who oft as undeservedly Inthrall  
 His outward freedom. Tyranny must be;  
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.  
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
 From virtue, which in reason, that no wrong,  
 But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,  
 Deprives them of their outward liberty;  
 Their inward lost; witness th' irreverent son  
 Of him who built the Ark; who for the shame  
 Done to his father, heard his heavy curse,  
 „*Servant of Servants*,“ on his vicious race.  
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
 Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last  
 Wearied with their iniquities; withdraw  
 His presence from among them, and avert  
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth  
 To leave them to their own polluted ways:

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And one peculiar nation to select  
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,  
A nation from one faithful man to spring:  
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in idol-worship. O that men 115  
Canst thou believe? should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the Patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall  
To worship their own work in wood and stone  
For Gods! yet him God the most High vouchsafes 120  
To call by vision from his father's house,  
His kindred and false Gods, into at land  
Which he will shew him: and from him will raise  
A mighty nation! and upon him show'r  
His benediction so, that in his seed 125  
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys,  
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his Gods, his friends, and native soil  
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the ford 130  
To Haran: after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude:  
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents 135  
Pitch'd about Sichem, and the neighb'ring plain  
Of Moreh. There by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land;  
From Hamath northward to the desert south;  
Things by their names I call, tho yet unnam'd, 140  
From Hermon east, to the great western sea;  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them, on the shore  
Mount Carmel; here the double-founted stream,  
Jordan, true limit eastward: but his sons 145  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed

Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
 The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150  
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,  
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,  
 A son, and of his son a grand-child leaves;  
 Like him in faith, is wisdom, and renown.  
 The grand-child with twelve sons increas'd departs 155  
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd  
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile:  
 Seere where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
 Into the sea! To sojourn in that land  
 He comes, invited by a younger son 160  
 In time of dearth; a son whose worthy deeds  
 Raise him to be the second in that realm  
 Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race  
 Growing into a nation: and now grown,  
 Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks 165  
 To stop their over-growth, as inmate guests  
 Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
 inhospitably; and kills their infant males:  
 Till by two brethren, those two brethren call  
 Moses and Aaron, sent from God to claim 170  
 His people from inthalment, they return  
 With glory and spoil back to their promis'd land.  
 But first the lawless tyrant who denies  
 Tho know their God, or message to regard,  
 Must be compell'd by sings and judgment dire: 175  
 To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;  
 Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill  
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land:  
 His cattle must of rot and murren die:  
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imbos, 180  
 And all his people: thunder mix'd with hail,  
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,  
 And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls  
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
 A darksome cloud of locuits swarming down 185  
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:

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Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness! and blot out three days:  
Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190  
The river dragon tam'd at length submits.  
To let his sojourners depart; and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still as ice  
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195  
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass  
As on dry land between two chrystal walls;  
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore:  
Such wondrous pow'r God to his saint will lend, 200  
Through present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire,  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues. 205  
All night he will pursue, put his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning watch:  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command 210  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea, the sea his rod obeys:  
On their imbattoled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war! The race elett,  
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215  
Through the wild desert; not the readiest way,  
Left entring on the Canaanite alarm'd  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Aegypt, chusing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude: for life, 220  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness: there they shall found  
Their

Their goverment, and their great senate choose      225  
 Thro' the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.  
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top,  
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself  
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound  
 Ordain them laws: part such as appertain      230  
 To civil justice: part religious rites  
 Of sacrifice: informing them by types,  
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise  
 The serpent, by what means he shall atchieve  
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God      235  
 To mortal ear is dreadful! They beseech  
 That Moses might report to them his will,  
 And terror cease; He grants what they besought  
 Instructed that to God is no access  
 Without mediator, whose high office now      240  
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,  
 And all the prophets in their age the times  
 Of Great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men      245  
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes  
 Among them to set up his tabernacle:  
 The holy One with mortal men to dwell  
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd  
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold, therein      250  
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
 The records of his cov'nant; over these  
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings  
 Of two bright Cherubim: before him burn  
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing      255  
 The heav'nly fires: over the tent a cloud  
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
 Save when they journey: and a length they come,  
 Conducted by his Angel to the land  
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed—— The rest      260  
 Were long to tell, how many battles fought,  
 How many Kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won,

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225 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still  
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
 Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon stand, 235  
 „And thou moon in the vale of Ajalon,  
 „Till Israel overcome; so call the third  
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, from him  
 His whole descency who thus shall Canaan win.

230 Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n, 270  
 Inlightner of my darkness! gracious things  
 Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly which concern  
 just Abraham and his seed: now first I find  
 Mine eyes true sp'ning; and my heart much eas'd;  
 Ere while perplex'd with thoughts what would become  
 Of me and all mankind: but now I see  
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest:  
 Favor unmerited by me, who fought  
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280  
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,  
 So many and so various laws are giv'n:  
 So many laws argue so many sins of man  
 Among them: how can God with such reside?

235 To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin 285  
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot:  
 And therefore was law giv'n them to evince  
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
 Sin against law to fight: that when they see  
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,  
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man;  
 Just for unjust: that in such righteousness  
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295  
 Justification towards God, and peace  
 Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies  
 Cannot appease; nor man the mortal party  
 Perform: and his performing, cannot live  
 So law appears imperfect, and but giv'n

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With purpose to resign them in full time  
 Up to a better cov'aant; disciplin'd  
 From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit,  
 From imposition of strict laws, to free  
 Acceptance of large grace; from servil fear  
 To filial; works of law, to works of faith.  
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
 Highly belov'd, being but the minister  
 Of law, his people into Canaan lead;  
 But Joshua: whom the Gentiles Jesu call;  
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell  
 The adversary serpent; and bring back  
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man  
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
 Mean while they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd  
 Long time shall dwell and prosper: but when sins  
 National interrupt their public peace,  
 Provoking God to raise them enemies,  
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent;  
 By Judges first, then under Kings: of whom  
 The second, both for piety renown'd  
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
 For ever shall indure: the like shall sing  
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock  
 Of David, so I name this king, shall rise  
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold:  
 Foretold to Abraham; as in whom shall trust  
 All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings  
 The last; for of his reign shall be no end.  
 But first a long succession must ensue,  
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,  
 The clouded Ark of God, till then in tents  
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious Temple inshrine.  
 Such follow him as shall be register'd  
 Part good par bad; of bad the longer scroll:  
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults,

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Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense  
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
 Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,      340  
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st  
 Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.  
 There in captivity he lets them dwell  
 The space of seventy years: then brings them back,      345  
 Remembring mercy, and his cov'nant sworn  
 To David, stablisd' as the days of heav'n.  
 Return'd from Babylon, by leave of kings  
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the House of God  
 They first re-edify: and for a while      350  
 In mean estate live moderate: till grown  
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow;  
 But first, among the priests dissention springs;  
 Men who attend the altar, and shou'd most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings      355  
 Upon the Temple itself: at last they seise  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons:  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed king Messiah might be born  
 Barr'd of his right: yet at his birth a star      360  
 Unseen before in heav'n proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern Sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh and gold:  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night:      365  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir  
 Of squadron'd Angels hear his carol fung.  
 A Virgin is his mother, but his fire  
 The pow'r of the most High! He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign      370  
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.  
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been dew'd in tears,  
 Without the vent of words; which these he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings! finishest thou thy 375  
 Of utmost hope! now clearly understand,  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain:  
 Why our great expectations should be call'd in Heav'n?  
 The seed of woman's Virgin Mother, shall long wait  
 High in the love of Heav'n! Yet from my loins 380  
 Thou shall proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God most High; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain; say, where and when?  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel? 385

To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight,  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds: gibes and cuts  
 Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son  
 Of Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy: nor so is overcome 390  
 Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise!  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;  
 Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works,  
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be, 395  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due;  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400  
 So only can high Justice rest appaid.  
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil,  
 Both by obedience and by love: though love  
 Alone fulfill the law: thy punishment  
 He shall indure, by coming in the flesh 405  
 To a reproachful life, and cursed death:  
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
 In his redemption; and that his obedience  
 Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits  
 To save them, not their own, tho' legal works. 410  
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,

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Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and for death condemn'd,<sup>375</sup>  
 A shameful and accurs'd nail'd to the cross<sup>380</sup> all at once  
 By his own nation; slain for bringing life<sup>385</sup> out of world  
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies,<sup>390</sup> profit didst thou  
 The law that is against thee, and the sins of all mankind<sup>395</sup>  
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,<sup>400</sup> except en't  
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust<sup>405</sup> in' thine  
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies, <sup>410</sup> and none need  
 But soon revives; death over him no pow'r is lost<sup>415</sup>  
 Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light<sup>420</sup> shod  
 Return, the stars of morn shall see Him rise again<sup>425</sup>  
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,<sup>430</sup> old nay  
 The ransom paid, which man from death redeems,<sup>435</sup> o T  
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life<sup>440</sup> tinct  
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace<sup>445</sup> red di rect  
 By faith not void of works. This Gold-like act  
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,<sup>450</sup>  
 In sin for ever lost from life: this act at once ob  
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,<sup>455</sup> o boog  
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,<sup>460</sup> o boog  
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings<sup>465</sup> o boog  
 Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,<sup>470</sup> o boog  
 Or theirs whom he redeems: a death like sleep,<sup>475</sup> o boog  
 A gentle wasting to immortal life,<sup>480</sup> o boog  
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay<sup>485</sup> so long a while  
 Longer on earth than certain times to appear<sup>490</sup> red di rect  
 To his disciples; men who in this life<sup>495</sup> much annoy'd  
 Still follow'd him: to them shall leave in charge<sup>500</sup> o boog  
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd<sup>505</sup> o boog  
 And his salvation; them who shall believe<sup>510</sup> o boog  
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign<sup>515</sup> , o boog  
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life<sup>520</sup> tinct  
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall, instant all  
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.<sup>525</sup> o boog  
 All nations they shall teach: for from that day,<sup>530</sup> o boog  
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins,<sup>535</sup> o boog  
 Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons<sup>540</sup> o boog

Of Abraham's faith wherever thro' the worl'd:  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450  
 Then to the heav'n of heav'ns shall he ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise  
 The serpent, Prince of air, and drag in chains  
 Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave: 455  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heav'n: and thence shall come,  
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and pow'r to judge both quick and dead:  
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss;  
 Whether in heav'n or earth: for then the earth  
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place.  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465

So spake th' Arch-Angel Michael, then paus'd,  
 As at the world's great period: and our fire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.

O goodness infinite! goodness immense!  
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470  
 And evil turn to good! more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasion'd; or rejoice 475  
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heav'n  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480  
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend? will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers, than with him they dealt?  
 Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n

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He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father: Who shall dwell  
 His Spirit within them; and the law of faith  
 Working thro' love, upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth; and also arm 490  
 With spiritual armour, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts:  
 What man can do against them, not afraid,  
 Though to the death; against such cruelties  
 With inward consolations recompens'd; 495  
 And oft supported so as shall amaze  
 Their proudest persecutors: for the Spirit  
 Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
 To evangelize the Nations; then on all  
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts induc 500  
 To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
 Great numbers of each nation to receive  
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n: at length  
 Their Ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505  
 Their doctrine and their story written left,  
 They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,  
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves!  
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n,  
 To their own vile advantages shall turn, 510  
 Of lucre and ambition; and the truth  
 With superstitions and traditions taint,  
 Left only in those written records pure,  
 Though not but by the Spirit understood,  
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names, 515  
 Places, and titles; and with these to join  
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act  
 By spiritual: to themselves appropriating  
 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n.  
 To all believers: and from that pretence 520  
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force  
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find

Left them in roll'd; or what the Spirit within  
 Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then  
 But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind 525  
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild  
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,  
 Their own faith, not another's? for on earth  
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
 Infallible? Yet many will presume; 530  
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
 On all who in the worship persevere  
 Of spirit and truth: the rest, far greater part,  
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
 Religion satisfy'd: truth shall retire. 535  
 Bestuck with flandrous darts; and works of faith  
 Rarely be found. So shall the world go on,  
 To good malignant, to bad men benign;  
 Under her own weight groaning; till the day  
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540  
 And vengeance to the wicked: at return  
 Of Him so lately promis'd to thy aid.  
 The Woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,  
 Now amplier known thy Saviour, and thy Lord;  
 Last in the clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd, 545  
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
 Satan with his perverted world; then raise  
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,  
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, ages of endless date,  
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550  
 To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss.

He ended, and thus Adam last reply'd.  
 How soon hath thy prediction. Seer blest!  
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,  
 Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss, 555  
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach!  
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain,

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Beyond which was my folly to aspire andijj deem 560  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best; aijw zed zed  
 And love with fear the only God; to walk zifid zifid  
 As in his presence, ever to observe wilab tereq zifid  
 His providence, and on him sole depend, zifid zifid 565  
 Merciful over all his works, with good zifid zifid 565  
 Still overcoming evil; and by small zifid zifid zifid  
 Accomplishing great things: by things deem'd weak zifid  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise zifid  
 By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake zifid  
 Is fortitude to highest victory; zifid zifid 570  
 And to the faithful Death the gate of Life; zifid zifid  
 Taught this by his example whom I now zifid zifid  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest. zifid zifid

To whom thus also th' Angel last reply'd: zifid zifid  
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum zifid 575  
 Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars zifid  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'r, zifid  
 All secrets of the deep, all nature's works, zifid  
 Or works of God in Heav'n, air, earth, or sea; zifid  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'd; zifid 580  
 And all the rule, one empire: only add zifid against its zifid  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith, zifid  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance add love, zifid  
 By name to come call'd Charity, the soul zifid zifid  
 Of all the rest, then wilt thou not be loath zifid 585  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess zifid zifid  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far. — zifid  
 Let us descend now therefore from this top zifid zifid  
 Of speculation, for the hour precise zifid zifid  
 Exacts our parting hence: and see the guards zifid 590  
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect zifid zifid  
 Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword, zifid  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round; zifid zifid  
 We may no longer stay: go! waken Eve zifid zifid  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd, zifid zifid 595  
 Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd. zifid zifid

To meek submission: thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard:  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come, 600  
 For by the woman's seed, on all mankind  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more chear'd  
 With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended, and they both descend the hill:  
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd,  
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;  
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise;  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Prefaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on! 615  
 In me is no delay; with thee to go,  
 Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
 Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me  
 Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure 620  
 I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
 Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
 By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
 Well pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now too nigh 625  
 Th' Arch-Angel stood; and from the other hill  
 To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
 The Cherubim descended; on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning mist  
 Ris'n from a river, o'er the marsh glides; 630  
 And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd  
 The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd;

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Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,  
And vapors as the Libyan air adust,  
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereas  
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
Led them direft; and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjefted plain; then disappear'd.  
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat!  
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate  
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon:  
The world was all before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and flow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

## THE END.

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